

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1870.

The Week.

AFTER strenuous debate, when debate was surely superfluous, the bill to admit Mississippi was passed on Thursday by the Senate, as it came from the House, by a vote of 50 to 11. The President deferred signing it, at the request of the Senators elect from that State, until Congress should remove the disabilities of some of the Representatives elect. This was done in effect on Monday; but the House had a batch of 2,000 names to add to the Senate's 400, so that there has been further delay in putting Mr. Revels in Jefferson Davis's seat. Almost nothing else has been accomplished by the Senate. On Monday, Mr. Patterson reported a bill to abolish the Freedmen's Bureau, and divide its powers and effects between the War Department and the Bureau of Education—for which last there is some chance of a new lease of life. Fitzjohn Porter's case was reviewed the same day by Senator Chandler, to whom we are not accustomed to look for judicial temper; but we share his and the common opinion that the stigma which a court-martial fixed upon that general will not be removed, and ought not to be removed. Senator Wilson offered a joint resolution to suppress the costly nuisance of printing undelivered speeches in the *Globe*, and we trust the House will promptly concur, since it is the chief and almost sole offender in this respect. It did, on Saturday, do something towards reforming another abuse—the mode of deciding contested election cases—by altering its rules, at General Garfield's instance, so as to make the Elections Committee consist hereafter of fifteen members—the chairman to assign each case to three of the members, and this sub-committee to report immediately to the House. It was agreed that there should be ten Republicans and five Democrats in the general committee, and two Republicans and one Democrat in each sub-committee. This change is good so far as it facilitates the despatch of business, but, of course, it fails to remove politics from the decisions. Little short of a constitutional amendment could do this, as Mr. Dawes has shown. Mr. Garfield stated that thirty-five contested election cases for the present Congress had come before the committee; that eleven had been decided; and that the printed testimony in the case of eight had occupied nearly 3,000 pages. On Monday the Committee on Military Affairs made a report on the sale of cadetships, and General Logan attempted to expel a guilty Southern member on the spot. Mr. Loughbridge's inflation resolution, which we mentioned last week, was renewed, and carried by 110 to 73.

The Georgia muddle grows more complicated, and now forms a kind of puzzle which would have delighted the schoolmen. The present Constitution was approved by an Act of Congress at the same time as those of Alabama, Louisiana, South Carolina, Florida, and North Carolina. A Legislature and Representatives were elected under it, and Senators were elected under it; the Representatives took their seats, but not the Senators. The Reconstruction Committee of the House advised General Meade that the Legislature was the sole judge of the qualifications of its members, even as regarded their eligibility under the Reconstruction Acts; Messrs. Wilson, Boutwell, Farnsworth, and Paine gave the same answer, in like case, to the Governor of Louisiana. Such indeed is the rule of parliamentary law from time immemorial, and there was nothing in the Act of Congress gainsaying it. The Georgia Legislature was, in short, a legal and valid legislature, if there be such a thing at the South. After electing its Senators, it expelled the colored members; Congress had not prohibited its doing so, but it forthwith proceeded to act as if it had; and, more than this, treated this expulsion as invalidating the previous acts of the body, amongst others the election of the Senators—an exploit for which, we venture to say, there is no parallel in political history. What is more singular, however, is that the Republican papers all over the country, with a few exceptions, began talking of Georgia's "breach of faith"

and "violation of conditions"—the fact being that she had violated no condition at all, nor assumed any power legally denied to her. What she had done was to violate an abstract rule of right existing in the breasts of individual Congressmen, but nowhere to be found on paper; and if it be admitted that Congress can, for a reason of this sort—we will not say overturn a State Government—but treat its own acts as null and void, and what was done under them as of no force or validity, there is no reason why it should not indicate its will by three cheers and "a tiger," without taking the trouble to put it into sections, and having it engrossed, and printed, and numbered, and bound, and lodged in libraries.

Since then another Legislature has been elected, which has been "purged," like the Long Parliament, by a military officer, and it has elected Senators, too; so that there are now four Senators in the field. The situation, then, is this: If the first pair were not legally elected, then the Act of Congress of June 25, 1868, had no force and effect; if they were legally elected, then Congress, by its subsequent action, overturned a lawful State government because the State Legislature took upon itself to judge of the qualifications of its own members. The two new Senators have gone to Washington astride of the second horn of the dilemma; and this, added to the Bryant-Bullock contest, makes a little problem of which we wish the Senators joy. We doubt whether it can be solved by purely human means. The Judiciary Committee are hard at work over it. Some members don't like the military "purge" of the Legislature; others don't like other things; and Governor Bullock and the other State officials now claim that the time they have been in office under the bad Legislature shall not count, but that they shall all start fresh under the good new Legislature, without any new election; and the committee are said to be composing an answer to the question, Why not?

The enquiry into the sale of the Congressional nominations to the West Point cadetships has resulted in the detection of at least three Representatives from Southern States. We doubt if all this has surprised anybody who is familiar with the mental and moral status of the great body of the delegates whom the peculiarities of the Reconstruction process have forced on the States lately in rebellion. But, then, it ought, in justice to them, to be said that the practice of selling these nominations is not a new one; at least, if one may judge from the fact that they have been advertised for sale in the papers of this city for many years. It ought also to be said, that in one of the cases now under examination, the money received appears to have been used for party purposes, or a large portion of it, at least, paid over to the party treasury. Nor do we see how those who hold that the nomination to places in the public service is party "plunder," or "spoils," can well object to this. Everything a Congressman or other official officer has to bestow, or can get, he owes either to himself or his supporters; and why not anything he can make by giving a boy admission to West Point? We believe that this doctrine has been carried so far, that Republican Committees, in raising money for campaign expenses, assess, not the salary an official can honestly claim, but all he can make from the office, or that his predecessors have been in the habit of making, *honestly or dishonestly*. If this be not true, we should like to have some "faithful man" deny it. What we should like to see now, is a movement on the part of those who are making a fuss over this West Point business towards the only effectual remedy, and that is the removal of these nominations from Congressional hands altogether, and the bestowal of them by competitive examination, open to all comers. Why should a poor boy have either to pay a Congressman, or toady him, in order to get even a chance of admission to a school supported by the nation for national uses? Here is a chance for doing a little real democracy, of which we hope some of the gentlemen who talk so much about "the poor man's rights" will avail themselves. No doubt the amount of corruption among Congressmen is exaggerated; but that there is some corruption nobody can deny, and as the detection

and punishment of offenders must, with the existing machinery, be always well-nigh impossible, the only effectual remedy is, to leave as little temptation as possible; in other words, give them as little to sell as possible. Of votes they cannot be deprived, but to the distribution of offices they have not a shadow of right.

One of the traders in the West Point nominations was Mr. Whittemore, of South Carolina, and the case against him has gone so far that he has, at the present writing, been given time to show cause why he should not be expelled. He appears to have sold an appointment to the Naval Academy for "\$500," to be devoted to "the relief of the poor" of the district; and an appointment to the Military Academy, for \$500, "for the political campaign down there." The absence of any personal interest in the money has evidently softened the hearts of many members of the House towards him, or, at least, furnished them with a good excuse for feeling merciful; and there is an evident disposition to let him off easily. Should he not be expelled, it is easy to see how his case might be made the narrow end of a very terrible wedge. If offices begin to be sold in order to provide money for "the poor," we fear "the poor" will become a term of wonderful comprehensiveness. In some senses, we are all "poor." Why not eventually sell the Presidential nomination, and give the money to the Board of Foreign Missions, or to a struggling college? It is curious to see how all these little things work to increase the weight of mere wealth in politics.

An interesting letter from the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* represents the relations of the Administration with the Republican party in Congress as very unsatisfactory, as not only not friendly, but not far removed from hostility, and the condition of the party itself in both branches as one of great disorganization. That the influence of the Administration over the majority was small, and getting gradually smaller, has been easily inferred for some time from the way in which the Presidential recommendations have been treated in the case of Virginia and of Judge Hoar's nomination, and from the amount of approval and encouragement bestowed on Mr. Dawes for his attack on it. At the bottom of all the trouble is that cause of nearly all the troubles of the country—"offices." There were two courses open to General Grant when he entered the White House: one was to exercise his own discretion absolutely in the distribution of his patronage, and totally disregard party claims and interests; the other was to follow in the beaten track, and consult nothing but party claims and interests—that is, let the "managers" make all his appointments and dismissals for him. If he had followed the first, he would have had the support of the people; if he had followed the second, he would have had the support of the politicians. He followed neither the one nor the other. The result is, that he is in danger of falling down between two stools. He had a chance to break up a bad system, which is eating what is good in the Government away like a cancer; but, partly owing to the force of circumstances, and partly to an over-modest estimate of his own strength, he let it go by, and tried a compromise, which is having the fate compromises in the construction of Cabinets usually have. He took Mr. Boutwell in by way of throwing a tub to the party whale; but Mr. Boutwell is no longer accepted as a financial guide. His funding system and his theories are being scornfully rejected, and each member of the party is constructing a financial policy of his own, partly by way of showing the folly of Boutwell's, and partly with a view to paying the national debt and restoring specie payments. He chose an Attorney-General for his honesty and ability; but the politicians hate him like poison, and would like nothing better than to be perpetually rejecting his nomination to high and lucrative offices. The foreign policy of the Government is apparently being taken out of the Secretary's hands altogether. Some treaties are being left unratified because Senators don't like Seward, others because they don't like Fish; and it will be well if we do not find the belligerency of Cuba recognized by the House of Representatives before the State Department even gets sight of the belligerent.

As regards the disorganization of the party, there is no question that, with the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, a great many per-

sons who have hitherto acted with it will feel that its part is played, and withdraw from it, or at least feel themselves open to enlist under other standards. Congressmen have extremely keen eyes for anything like the prospect of "fresh combinations," and, accordingly, are naturally a good deal disturbed in their minds, and consequently mutinous in temper, and disposed to form marauding parties. Then, the excesses of the protectionists have brought about a change in public feeling which the arguments of the free-traders would probably never have effected, and those who are looking about for "new issues" find one ready to their hand. The press of the West has nearly gone bodily into the free-trade camp, and the tariff bids fair to furnish materials for a tremendous fight during the next two years. But it is hardly possible that the Republican party can totally disappear as an organization till the Reconstruction process is fairly over; and it will not be fairly over, and the results of the war fairly secured, until we have seen what happens at the South when the States pass, as they must before long, under the control of the real force of the Southern community. Their present government is purely an artificial contrivance, which in the nature of things cannot last long.

Among other expedients of the Pennsylvania Legislature to neutralize the Democratic supremacy in Philadelphia besides the ill-fated Metropolitan Police Bill, a Trust Bill had been passed which put all the city trusts, including Girard College, Willis's Hospital, and a dozen lesser charitable foundations, in charge of one board, appointed by the Judges, the Mayor, and the Councils, thus superseding the separate boards or committees heretofore chosen either by the Councils or a part of them. This measure was contested as unconstitutional, but the Supreme Court of the State, in spite of the objection that it was disqualified from entertaining the case because its members were part of the appointing power named in the bill, decided in its favor. The actual appointments, however, do not promise much improvement in the management of the trusts. It is true, there have been complaints as to Girard College, but in other cases there have been none; and to get control of the former seems to have been the chief aim of the framers of the bill. Moreover, the new Board, as a political creation, has been filled with men of both parties, who have seen all there is to be seen "inside politics," in a State where that is saying a great deal; and they are expected not only to deal justly and walk humbly, but to administer, with as much skill and fidelity as their predecessors, trusts as diverse as the education of orphans, eye and ear infirmary, winter alms-giving, loans to young men, tree-planting throughout the city, etc., etc.

The *Chicago Tribune* calls attention to one possible and, indeed, we may say, not at all improbable, result of the decision of the Superior Court of Cincinnati on the "Bible in the schools" question, which has been too generally overlooked; and that is, that the ground taken by the majority of the Court must suggest to Catholics not only the expediency, but the propriety, of using the schools to inculcate their views of truth wherever they happen to be in a majority. All that Judge Storer, for instance, claims for Bible-reading as an agency in influencing conduct and character, Catholics claim for religious instruction imparted by a priest; and for attendance at the sacrifice of the mass they claim far more. Now, if it be right for a Protestant majority to sow the seeds of religious truth as they understand it in the minds of the children of the State, whether parents like it or not, why should not a Catholic majority—say in Baltimore, or New Orleans, or New York, where there is one—in like manner do their duty, as they understand it, by having the schools opened by religious exercises of their own; nay, even have the schools taught by priests or nuns? There is only one answer to this question, and it is an answer which, in a country where there is no state church, is simply ridiculous, and that is, "My truth is the true truth; while your truth is no truth at all." We do not regret the Cincinnati decision, however, as we are satisfied the more the matter is discussed, the more clearly will Protestants perceive the dangers of the path on which they are entering in keeping up this discussion at all. Catholics could hardly do better, in defence of their attempts to get separate endowments for their schools here and elsewhere, than print and circulate Judge Storer's opinion.

The United States Supreme Court has pronounced an Indiana divorce valid; but then the decision has no bearing whatever on the general question of Indiana divorces by which the public mind has been recently agitated. In the case before the Court, the validity of the divorce was disputed, on the ground that the Court had not jurisdiction, one of the parties residing out of the State; but this point was disposed of by the fact that the husband, who raised it, had entered an appearance in the suit, and (presumably) defended it. The point on which the public needs enlightening, and which this case does not touch, is, whether Indiana divorces are valid in other States, when the plaintiff acquires a residence for the simple purpose of bringing the suit, and when the party residing out of the State only gets constructive notice by an advertisement in an obscure local paper. What the public of other States finds scandalous in Indiana procedure is, the almost absolute discretion allowed to the judges in deciding what is sufficient cause for a divorce, and the exceeding looseness with which the Courts allow "*bona-fide* residence" to be proved, and the disgusting frauds which are practised even in the publication of the legal notice.

The remainder of the Sickles correspondence, of which there has been so much talk, and which, some months ago, scared the English press out of its propriety, has been communicated to Congress, but there is nothing particularly new in it. General Sickles offered the good offices of the United States, and proposed an armistice; then withdrew the offer of good offices, but not the note containing them, and which also contained remonstrances. He was assured by the Spanish Ministers that they were prepared to give Cuba representation in the Cortes, and commercial freedom, and to abolish slavery, as soon as the insurrection was suppressed; and that the antiquated colonial policy of the Bourbons was at an end for ever. At the close of December, General Sickles reported general despondency about the winter campaign, and the war in general, except in the official circles. The closing letter of the correspondence is one from Mr. Fish, dated January 26, in which he says some very sensible things about our Cuban Junta, and which it is not too late for the Junta to lay to heart. The first is that it would have been well if they had expended their money in shipping arms and munitions to Cuba, which they might always have legally done; they would in this way have helped the cause much more effectually than by getting up hostile expeditions on American soil, contrary to law. He adds one other cruel suggestion, and that is, that the members of the Junta themselves should have laid down the reins of government here, and gone to Cuba to take personal part in the fray. This view of their duty, strange to say, has presented itself to various other minds.

The news from France is not important, except that it reveals the existence of considerable hostility to the Ollivier Ministry in the ranks of the moderate radical party, since the arrest of Rochefort. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the expediency of prosecuting Rochefort at all, there is none as to the recklessness of the way in which he was arrested. Instead of taking a favorable opportunity for the purpose, when he was alone, they seized and carried him off at a public meeting, in the presence of an excited crowd, and, of course, disturbances at once began. Gustave Flourens, who is another statesman of the madcap school, thereupon fired his revolver in the air and "rose in insurrection," as he was pleased to term it, commencing hostilities by dragging along through the street an unfortunate Commissary of Police with a sword at his throat. Then small barricades of omnibuses were erected here and there during the ensuing forty-eight hours, and feebly defended, and easily stormed by the police and troops without burning powder, but with much bloodshed and, as in all these cases, needless cruelty. The affair was a very small one compared to the *émeutes* of Louis Philippe's day, or of that of the Republic, but it was made serious by the fact that it was a Liberal Ministry newly installed which had to deal with it. Enough has occurred to show, however, that this régime cannot be got rid of readily by force, and that anybody who proposes to put an end to it by a *coup de main* will have some serious work before him. Gustave Flourens, after "rising in insurrection," stayed only a very short time up, and is now in Belgium.

A correspondent writes to us that we do not take into account, in judging Rochefort, that he, such as he is, is a product of imperial rule. We do take it into account; but of what moment is the consideration? Napoleon himself is the result of the Republic, and the Republic was the result of Louis Philippe, and the whole state of France is the result of feudalism and divine right, and of the conquest of Gaul by the barbarians. But what have we got to do with all this? When a man is making an ass of himself, and plunging a whole state in disorder, he has no right to excuse himself by saying that his antecedents are to blame, and that if what went before him had not been what it was, the conditions necessary for making an ass of himself would not have existed, and he would have either not appeared on the scene, or have behaved sensibly.

In the meantime, however, Jules Favre, who is certainly a moderate and able man, is a good deal disgusted with the procedure of the Government, particularly in the matter of Rochefort's arrest and the story of a conspiracy, which has been used as a justification of a good deal of violence. But the main ground of offence is that the majority which supports Ollivier does not represent the country. The Chamber was elected under the old régime that was returned largely by the intrigues and intimidation of the prefects. The scandalous conduct of these functionaries was fully exposed in the elaborate examination of the qualifications of members, which the French call "*vérification des pouvoirs*;" but though a good many of them have been dismissed, the men they helped to elect remain. Jules Favre, therefore, in behalf of the "Left Centre," calls for a dissolution and new election, in default of which he threatens that he and his friends will vote with the "Left," which, being interpreted, means that the moderate and extreme radicals will unite their forces. Press prosecutions continue on a great scale, even under the new rule laid down by M. Ollivier, that only "outrages"—that is, insults, libels, and incitements to insurrection—are to be prosecuted; expressions of opinion or criticism of the ministers, however wild, are to be let pass.

There appears to be no doubt that a Socialist conspiracy has been discovered in Russia, having for its object the establishment of a clandestine revolutionary government like that of the Poles during the late insurrection. It was discovered through their having murdered a recalcitrant member to get him out of the way. The land question still seems far from satisfactory settlement, and is rapidly becoming the same bone of contention there as in other parts of the world. The communistic tenure by which the villagers now hold their land, and which seems to be the earliest form of land tenure, is eagerly upheld by the fanatical Panslavists, who treat it as the basis of Slavonic civilization, and the only true protection against the disorders which are afflicting Western society, while the other party are anxious for the institution of individual property as soon as possible, so as to bring the empire into the stream of Western progress. A pamphlet has appeared in St. Petersburg calling for the payment by the Government instead of by the peasants of the remaining compensation due to the nobles, the funds to be provided by cutting down the army one-half.

Mr. Gladstone has brought in his Irish Land Bill, of which a muddy summary reached us, by telegraph, some days ago. The main features seem to be "security of tenure," which, we suppose, means the suppression of eviction for anything but non-payment of rent, and the provision of compensation for tenants' improvements, and the establishment of a Court of Arbitration. The Irish members, it is reported, express themselves satisfied with it, but the Fenians refuse to take any comfort from it, which is not surprising. There is a long interval between independence and limited interest in a farm. The long promised Educational Bill has also been brought in. England and Wales are to be divided into educational districts, and schools and inspection to be provided, partly supported by Government and partly by local taxes upon parents who are able to pay something; those who are not, to have tickets entitling them to send their children free. Mr. Fawcett asks to have a compulsory clause inserted, but the success of this is very unlikely.

THE CENSUS IMBROGLIO.

THE ordinary practical work of legislation, entirely distinct from active partisan warfare, is something in which the public can hardly be expected to feel any deep interest, and, indeed, as the public has private affairs to attend to, there seems to be no reason why it should concern itself about matters for the special charge of which it has taken the trouble to make an elaborate selection of some three hundred or more of its fellow-citizens. If the Government is fit to exist at all, it may surely be trusted to perform, to the best of its ability, the mechanical part of governing. Yet every now and then there comes some exhibition of legerdemain or gymnastics in the way of this apparently mechanical legislation, for which one cannot help feeling a certain curiosity to account. There is no actual proof that the present difficulty about the census is the result of any intentional mystification on the part of any one. All that appears to the world is only a rather remarkable legislative miscarriage. Whether the causes of the disaster are organic, or whether they are accidental, is a subject for deeper discussion than we can afford at present to give; but the facts, so far as they can be ascertained, are as follows:

It appears that the law of 1850, under which the census has been twice taken, came into force again, by its own terms, on the 1st of January, 1870, unless superseded by other legislation. In view of this fact, the House of Representatives at its last session appointed a committee to examine the subject of the census of 1870, and report whether further legislation was required. Unfortunately, the House seems here at the very outset to have made a mistake. The Senate was not consulted. That such small considerations should have any real weight may be matter of surprise; but it is true, and not only true, but perfectly natural that, in the first place, one House of Congress is slightly jealous of the other, and, in the second place, that a bill which every one knows to be wholly the production of one or more members of the lower House is not likely to find any large number of senators ready to be responsible for it. Had the Committee on the Ninth Census been a joint committee of both Houses, the result would have been different. Nevertheless, organized as it was, the committee was a strong one, and did its work with the utmost faithfulness. Perhaps its earliest conclusion, unanimously arrived at, was that the law of 1850, though an excellent law in its time, had in twenty years become somewhat antiquated, and that some improvements in it were needed in order to place it on a level with the development of the country and the rapid advance of statistical science. One can scarcely conceive how any other conclusion was possible, and at all events there was not even a doubt felt on the subject by the different members of the committee.

After an elaborate investigation, and after examining a host of experts, the committee agreed to report a bill which contained several new and important peculiarities. Some of these were in the schedules, which were framed with the idea of gaining greater accuracy in details. As the United States Government, unlike most foreign governments, has no permanent statistical bureau, details must either be obtained in the decennial census or not at all. Some of the old schedules were laid aside, some were greatly altered, and in some cases new schedules were introduced. But the most radical change was that which the committee made in the machinery of the census. Under the old system the work had been performed by the marshals. The new bill created an entirely new organization, independent of all other Government machinery, and arranged for a division of the work according to the system of congressional districts.

General Garfield, who had charge of the bill, carried it triumphantly through the House, after a long and careful debate, lasting some two weeks, and on the 17th of December it went to the Senate. Here it was referred not to a special committee, but to the standing Committee on the Revision of the Laws, of which Mr. Conkling was chairman, and Mr. Sumner, Mr. Carpenter, and two other senators were members. There is humor in everything—even in the fate of a census bill—and the humor in this case consisted in the composition of the committee. Mr. Conkling has a mind of so peculiar a turn that he rarely supports any measure except it be for the purpose of objecting to some other. This is frequently embarrassing in the despatch of business, and it is

the more so as this is not Mr. Conkling's only peculiarity. He is as weak in constructing as he is strong in obstructiveness, and, while he often prevents bad measures from passing, he does not so often assist good ones. Add to this a strong and, we admit, not ill-founded confidence in his own opinions, and not altogether unjustifiable contempt for those of some of his colleagues, and it will be evident enough that difficulty was in store for the Census Bill. When such a character is brought in contact with Mr. Senator Sumner, the consequences are plain. Two Jupiters may not exist together on any Olympus. Yet, to do Mr. Sumner justice, it is not his nature to resist merely for the pleasure of resisting. On indifferent matters, of which he is totally ignorant, he usually attempts to aid honest legislation rather than to display his own critical ingenuity in objections. But, as fate would have it, the Senate had during this session been little more than a prize-ring in which Mr. Sumner and his brother senators had fought out their private quarrels with extraordinary ill-temper, and the Census Bill happened to come at a moment when senators thought it time that Mr. Sumner should be snubbed.

After a considerable delay the Committee met, and as its members knew nothing whatever about the subject, and as in such a company agreement would have been miraculous, they concluded their deliberations of half an hour or thereabouts by deciding to disagree. As a matter of course, Mr. Conkling disapproved the House bill. As a matter of course, Mr. Sumner thought Mr. Conkling too hasty, and, as any one might have expected, the other members took part against the House of Representatives and against Mr. Sumner. The matter then went before the Senate. Mr. Conkling in an admirably clever speech conclusively proved that there were difficulties in the way of every census, and that this special census was not without difficulties of a grave nature; that no census could possibly be perfect, and that this particular census would be imperfect; that there were objections to all bills for taking the census, and that there were several objections to the House bill; but that, in his own opinion, the law of 1850 was the best law that ever had been or ever could be framed, and that he was opposed to any other law. Mr. Sumner thereupon made a speech to prove that the law of 1850 was twenty years old, and that in the interval the world had moved forward; but the Senate was determined that Mr. Sumner should be mistaken, and Mr. Conkling enjoyed a triumph. The House bill was incidentally laid upon the table.

One point, it is true, remained in the background. That it had any influence on Mr. Conkling's mind is out of the question; and that it had any effect on other senators is not to be suspected. Yet it is a very curious coincidence that the machinery adopted by the House bill would, owing to the organization by congressional districts, have thrown all the patronage into the House of Representatives, while the marshals are usually nominated by senators. Little attention was publicly called to this fact, but it is supposed to have had a decided influence on the fate of the bill. Nor is it in any way improbable that the Senate may have had this motive among others in rejecting the House bill, since in the course of its history the Senate has seldom been known to surrender willingly anything that had value; and as for this eternal matter of patronage, there seems to be as little reason why the Senate should give up to the House any perquisites which it had once succeeded in stealing, as there is reason why the House should be obliged to leave the Senate in undisturbed possession of its plunder. In this kind of contest the House has but a poor chance of success, however; and in the present case many members who have pledged all their expected patronage in advance, are inclined to suspect that Mr. Conkling's speech was even more clever than is commonly thought, inasmuch as even where it was silent it was most convincing.

What is to become of the census meanwhile is not a matter of anxiety, since Mr. Secretary Cox happens to be an excellent officer, and will manage to have his duties well performed. In some manner, too, Gen. Garfield will no doubt save the best parts of his bill, and his work will not be wholly lost. But as to the practical working of the public business, the story thus told is interesting, because it illustrates the peculiar condition of politics this winter, when the only rule at Washington seems to be that every one, from the President and Chief-

Justice Chase and Mr. Boutwell, down to the Senate and the House and each individual senator and member, shall be actively employed in governing the country from an independent stand-point, according to each individual's idea of his own wisdom, and with sublime independence of every one else. "Let every man drag out his own corpse," was an expressive figure of speech lately used by Mr. James Fisk, jr., in his evidence before Gen. Garfield's committee on the gold panic. For the public service, it is nearly time that our statesmen should begin this operation in earnest, or a great many political corpses will be left on the field by weary constituencies at the first chance offered them.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A POUND ON IDEAS.

WE said something last week of the movement to have a specific duty of from ten to twenty-five cents per pound put on foreign books, without regard to the nature of their contents, the American publishers who are also importers—Messrs. Scribner & Co. at the head of them—having issued a pamphlet, of which we spoke, showing that the effect of such a measure would be to increase the cost of all imported books an average of about 96 per cent.—those of general literature absolutely 162 per cent.; and that American reprinters of foreign books have now all the protection they need in a virtual protection of twenty-five per cent.; that the English interlopers here, so far from receiving "the larger part of the books imported," only receive ten per cent. of them; and that not over one in a hundred of English books would pay to reprint here, not because American publishers are not properly protected by the tariff, but for want of a market. There is, indeed, only one excuse for the change which will bear examination, and that is the extent to which the American trade is cheated by fraudulent invoices. This can be met by a specific duty; but it need not be, and ought not to be, an enormously increased duty.

Our main object, however, in recurring to the subject is to draw attention to the state of mind on the part of some persons which has led to the discussion. An elaborate article in advocacy of the change appears in the March number of *Old and New*, which contains, all things considered, the most remarkable application of the doctrines of protection it has ever been our good fortune to meet with, and we commend it to the attention of all students of political economy as an excellent illustration of the oddity of the situations of which the protectionist theory is full. The writer, in the first place, ascribes the rise of American literature from the low condition in which it was at the beginning of this century mainly to the tariff, or, as he calls it, "the introduction, by a fortunate freak of South Carolina politicians, of the national policy into the revenue system." As soon as he had written this, a faint sense of the nature of the proposition seems to have stolen over him, for he qualified it thus in the next sentence:

"Of course, we would not say baldly, that a protective tariff created the brains and the intelligence which have built up in fifty years an American literature. But it is the simple truth of history that gradually, as the other arts began to flourish in America, the arts used in book-making flourished also, and under the same laws."

It is thus evident, when he is talking of literature, that what he really means is the mechanical art of book-making, not the ideas put on paper by authors. Here we get at the key to the whole argument. Literature, in this sense, is not a means, as so many people consider it, to the cultivation of the human mind, and through this cultivation to the improvement of human character and the promotion of human happiness, but an end in itself. Its mission is not to spread thoughts, but to keep printers and typefounders going; and a people is well off in regard to letters not in proportion to the quality of the books within its reach, and which it is in the habit of reading, but to the number of mechanics employed in manufacturing books. When a country produces a great many bound volumes every year, it has done its duty; what they contain is a matter of secondary importance. Better there should be few or no native readers than that there should be few or no native printers. In short, the reader exists for the sake of the printer, not the printer for the reader. If the reader refuses to support our printer, let him have no reading. This may sound oddly; but we have really been here doing what the author apparently

omitted to do for himself—divesting his reasoning of its extraneous matter, and exhibiting it in its naked simplicity.

The pamphlet in which this article has been reprinted contains also three other letters addressed to the *Boston Advertiser*, signed "An Author," which are equally deserving of examination, and for the same reason. He urges a new reason for piling up the duties on foreign, and especially English books. We shall describe it in his own language:

"I have all along treated of books as merchandise, for thus must they be considered, rightly to understand the agencies at work changing the old condition of things. It is time to treat books with more respect, as bodies of idea. . . . It is not possible to measure the comparative force of English and American ideas, and it is to be said, that the impinging of American life upon English has been by politics and not by literature; but the fact remains indisputable that literature is the very mercurial expression of national life, and a current that flows through the veins of humanity. Look for a moment at my figures: In 1869, importations of foreign books, \$1,607,201; in 1869, export of American books to England, £7,387.

"Are we prepared, then, to accept, as a real good, popular literature, born of English life, for American readers? I answer unhesitatingly, no. We are not yet rid of that terrible conflict, waged on battle-fields from 1861 to 1865, in which the victorious forces were inspired by American ideas, and the oppugnant, hardly-beaten forces were reinforced time and again by English ideas, silently sympathetic or openly contributed; the instinct of literary and aristocratic England made it Southern from the start, and the exceptional courageous men, journals, and books of Democratic England, that as instinctively sided with our nation, were stigmatized as American. American they were, for not in vain had the republic lived, and it was the *existence* of the republic that called out England's hatred, though no American abolitionists of divine right of kings had fomented English society. And the fact that the English literature of the day, with few notable exceptions, was anti-American, is my reason for thinking it a grave evil that this literature, bearing the seeds of antagonistic ideas, should be the household literature of our country.

"Men laugh and ask if American ideas, so lately triumphant, have not vigor enough still to preserve national life against English ideas. Have they so soon forgotten the combat with Southern ideas, and is it over? For a generation and more, Southern leaders had with marvellous skill excluded Northern literature from their section; they were wise in their generation, the result proved it. No ally on their side was so mighty as the ignorance of their people of a literature bright with freedom. When the enterprise of the London publisher and the short-sightedness of our Government have turned America into a magnificent market for English literature, new conflicts will find our right arm shrivelled, and by the same process the sturdy voice of Americanism in England will have become a whisper."

Here we see foreign books (English books are specially mentioned, but the proposed change in the tariff would of course affect all foreign books), treated as "*bodies of idea*," and not simply as articles of commerce, and their exclusion called for through governmental interference, on the express ground that American men and women will be injured by their perusal. It is assumed that the attachment of American citizens to the ideas which lie at the basis of American polity, and to the institutions in which these ideas are embodied, can only be maintained by rigidly guarding them against external influences. English literature is "antagonistic" to American ideas; it is, therefore, to be met not with an American literature created by American thinkers, fighting for all they hold dear, but by an import duty of twenty-five cents a pound avoirdupois. The writer, however, candidly acknowledges at this point—and we can readily believe him—that "men laugh" when he expresses his fears lest American ideas have not vigor enough to preserve the national life against "English ideas." He then, with a perfectly grave face, however, and as if in reprehension of their levity, proceeds to cite, in proof both of the expediency and feasibility of his proposal, the example of our Southern brethren, in excluding "ideas" from their territory in defence of the peculiar institution. See, he says, how successful they were; why should not we imitate them? We are afraid "men will laugh" here again; but we ask for composure and solemnity for one minute while we give "An Author" one or two reasons for thinking that his plan for protecting American ideas is inexpedient and foolish.

The first is, that it has been tried thoroughly. What he proposes to do by the custom-house, many governments in many ages have tried to do, in just as conscientious a spirit as his, by the aid of the dungeon, halter, and thumb-screw, and utterly failed. Particular ideas were never kept out of any country in this way; even the attempt to keep them out cannot be made

except by inflicting enormous damage on all thought, and on civilization itself, which is a product of thought. Various European powers have tried to protect their peculiar ideas by a censorship of foreign publications at the frontier, which is a much more sensible plan than taxing them so much per pound, because in that way what they thought the good ideas were let in and only the bad ones kept out; under the specific duty all would suffer equally, and the bad ones would get in more or less. The South, which our "Author" holds up as a model, could never have protected its ideas so long by a specific duty. The anti-slavery men would have paid the duty, and flooded the country with incendiary documents. The slaveholders went to work much more effectively by prohibiting postmasters from circulating obnoxious printed matter, and "running off" any bookseller who sold it. This is what must be done at the North if we mean to preserve our babes from contamination. But this involves, also, a slight imitation of the Pope. We must have an *index expurgatorius* for the use of the custom-house officers, and a permanent board to superintend it.

The second is, that ideas which cannot hold their own without material protection are not worth saving. They ought to perish, and the sooner the better. Any idea which is fit to live will live, no matter who assails it; and if it have no root in human nature, or in the order of the universe, the Committee of Ways and Means can never save it. The destroyer will reach it through all the custom-houses on the globe. Human thought goes through tide-waiters like lightning. All systems, whether civil or ecclesiastical, in our day, must stand or fall by their own inherent vigor.

The true way to enable American ideas to resist European influences is one which, strange to say, is not so much as hinted at in the pamphlet before us. It is to raise up and foster not custom-house officers, but hardy and strong thinkers and scholars for their defence. It is the hosts of these he has at his back which makes the European publisher formidable to his American rival. But they must be met on open ground, with improved weapons and discipline, and not in the Chinese fashion, by building a big wall along the frontier. For this purpose, what we need is not fewer foreign books, but more. Books are not an end—they are an instrument. The dearth and scarcity of them is exercising a most injurious influence on American culture; the universities are suffering from want of professors and libraries; poor students—and the mass of American students must always be poor—are suffering from the difficulty of access to the enormous wealth of learning which Europe is every year producing. Our scientific men and investigators, in all fields, can accomplish nothing without constant contact with their fellow-laborers in other countries. They know well that God, in his great mercy, permits even Germans and Englishmen and Frenchmen to find out things from year to year, which American thinkers will be the better of hearing of; but, so far from being helped by our legislation and public opinion, they are hindered. The guardianship of American ideas is all committed to their hands; on their labors it depends what the result of this great experiment will be; whether the civilization of this continent will be a hardy and vigorous tree, in whose shade the weary of all nations can find an assured rest, and on which the storms of ages will beat in vain, or a sickly custom-house plant, kept alive by a close covering of tariffs and tests, drawing all the vitality it possesses from the feeble surface tillage of half-taught magazine and newspaper writers and platform orators. The protection American authors need, as one of them pointed out a year or two ago (Jan. 9, 1868) in our columns, in an article entitled "The Great American Novel," is protection "from being undersold in their own market by the stolen brain-labor of other countries." Let us have an end to stealing. Let no American author any more have to compete with foreign authors who have received nothing for their work. This would be true protection, for it would rest on what is as everlasting as the hills—justice—the right of every human being to the product of his own labor. The absence of international copyright is, like slavery and all other embodiments of wrong in national policy, defeating the very ends it was expected to serve. It enriches a few; but it is repressing the growth of the national literature and enfeebling the national thought.

THE NEW HAMLET.

It is said by some persons that Shakespeare cannot be played nowadays. If by this is meant that, of his dramas and of the personages who move through them like the figures of a vivid dream, uttering thoughts and feelings intensely human, and yet sublimed as much above the experience of everyday humanity as the language which they speak is above that of daily conversation, we have an ideal so high that no acting can approach it so near as not to leave a great gap that must be filled by the imagination, the judgment that would exclude Shakespeare from the stage is somewhat reasonable. But opposed to it is the pregnant fact that Shakespeare was a playwright, with an interest in a theatre, and that, writing his plays only that they should be acted and bring money to the treasury, he succeeded in this purely theatrical and business project far better than any other of the many gifted dramatic poets of his time. One reason why the performance of Shakespeare's plays was so satisfactory to the London public, and therefore so profitable to him, when he played in them, and why the performance of them now is generally so unsatisfactory and unprofitable, is that then they were regarded merely as new plays, in the personages, the entanglements, the progress, and the issue of which the audiences for which they were written found themselves, they hardly knew why, deeply interested. They went to hear *The Tempest*, and *Hamlet*, and *King Lear*, untroubled by the consciousness that they were listening to the greatest literary productions, as well as the finest dramatic conceptions, the world had known, or would know, for centuries. The play was good and the acting was good, and they were satisfied. But since it began to be discovered, about a century ago, that the Stratford rustic and London player wrote with an inspiration that has hitherto been given to no other mortal, the world has been pondering his work, and analyzing it, and falling down before it in adoration, until one of his plays, and particularly one of his tragedies, is raised in our minds upon a high ideal plane, into a sublime ethereal atmosphere that places it apart and far above the mere theatrical place and purpose for which it was written.

This is as it should be. The influence of a really grand ideal work, when it is thus looked up to with a humble, teachable admiration, is wholesome, purifying, elevating. And of all the few works worthy of such admiration, the first and highest are Shakespeare's. But one consequence of this attitude of actors and public toward the works of any dramatic writer is the falling into a hard, formal, exaggerated, conventional style of performance, which is looked upon as ideal only because it is unnatural. From this, how much have we of this generation all suffered from our youth up! Because of this, how many of us have kept ourselves violently away from the theatre when the play-bills threatened what they called a Shakespearean revival!—revivals in which were extinguished both Shakespeare and Nature, who, lovely in their lives, in their deaths were not divided, and whose stiffened corpses were fitly buried under tombs of painted canvas and cotton velvet.

To relieve us from this incubus upon our Shakespeare, Mr. Fechter has appeared—a man of vivid histrionic intuitions; an actor who, whether he does right or wrong, holds the attention of his audience; who, whether his conception of character is correct or incorrect, is, for the time being, the personage whom he represents, and who is a gifted and a finished exemplar of the realistic school of French acting.

Mr. Fechter's Hamlet at once pleases and dissatisfies, interests and repels. We are disappointed with it, and yet we are glad to have seen it. So much has been written about it in England, and so unqualified was Mr. Dickens's eulogy of his talent, that mere curiosity was sure to bring him the success of crowded houses in a tour through the United States. If, instead of being a gifted and accomplished actor, he had been a learned gorilla, he would have been no less secured against pecuniary failure. And yet, with few exceptions, all of the more intelligent part of his audiences are disappointed with his Hamlet; while at the same time nearly all of them confess to having received a certain degree of vivid pleasure from its performance. The reason of this double condition of their minds is that his conception of the character is utterly at variance with the just ideal of it, while his performance is in many respects a refreshing contrast to the false-ideal style in which it is usually presented. "Ah!" said the Frenchwoman, as, heated with dancing and candlelight, she drank a glass of cold water, "ah! quel dommage qu'il ne soit pas un péché!" Now, we are more fortunate than she, for Fechter's Hamlet is cool fresh water to our parched palates, but it is a sin. It is a very lively, vigorous, coherent performance; very natural and very real; as real as the action of any butcher-boy that swaggers through Washington Market, and therefore—the play being what it is, one the life of which cannot be

extinguished by any treatment—very interesting. But it is not Shakespeare's Hamlet—no more like it than Hamlet was to Hercules—indeed, much more like Hercules.

The Hamlet that Mr. Fechter puts before us is a real man; a man full of life and vigor, and, above all, of purpose and resolution; a man of simple common sense, a very practical way of looking at things, and a prompt, decided way of treating them—a fellow who will stand no nonsense, and one whom, therefore, Shakespeare omitted from his "Hamlet," for the very good reason that, if he had not done so, the play would have come to a swift end in a single act. Shakespeare's Hamlet muses, and dallies, and procrastinates, making excuses for others and condemning himself, excusing himself and condemning others, analyzing his own motives and seeking after those of others; ever fearful that he may be precipitate in action, nevertheless ever conscious that, with intellectual epicureanism, he is shuffling away from what he feels is a hard, unpleasant duty, and suffering from this conflict of conviction and vacillation until his excited brain brings up, by an optical delusion, his father's ghost before his mind's eye (for the ghost in the "Queen's" chamber is not the real ghost of the castle platform) to reprove him for his inaction, yet meeting his father's murderer again and jesting with him; coming back from England, where, as he finds, he was sent by that murdering usurper to be put to death, and yet musing and philosophizing in a churchyard; then accepting a challenge to a fencing-match, and finally killing his guilty uncle, not to avenge his father's death, but on an impulse of the moment. This is Shakespeare's Hamlet: Mr. Fechter's Hamlet, after his interview with the Ghost, would have gone straightway to the palace and, taking the King by the throat wherever he could have found him, would have cut his heart out and flung it in the face of his mother, and immediately have given orders for his own wedding with Ophelia. With him it would have been a word and a blow, and the blow would have come before the word. The Hamlet he shows us is one of the most vital, coherent, clearly conceived, perfectly embodied creations ever presented on the stage. Therefore the interest it has even for those whom it offends; for it is a real man, and one of a kind not too uncommon: a man inflexible in purpose and prompt in action, a kind of man who always enlists the sympathies and generally wins the approval of those around him. But the other Hamlet was, with all his subtlety, his thoughtfulness, and his good intentions, a shilly-shally sort of fellow.

To ensure consistency in his Hamlet, Mr. Fechter does not hesitate to make changes in the text. He omits, of course, what all modern actors omit, the fine soliloquy in the fourth act, which Hamlet speaks after meeting young Fortinbras, and in which he himself gives the key-note of his character:

"Now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, This thing's to do."

Omitting this soliloquy is very much like enacting the old joke of omitting the character of Hamlet from the tragedy; but still all actors do it. Mr. Fechter also leaves out another, almost equally important—that in the third act, in which Hamlet, finding the King at prayers, when "he might do it pat," shuffles away from his purpose again, under the plea that, if he should kill the King then, he would but send his father's murderer to heaven! Again he changes the last scene of this act, as indeed he must to have his Hamlet in keeping. He enters his Queen mother's apartment, after the astounding development produced by the play, and, promptly marching up to her, says with a jaunty, good-natured, bantering impudence, "Now, mother, what's the matter?" much as a lad of the period, our period, might address his old lady when he expected her to scold him for staying out too late at night. All through this sad and deeply moving scene he, in marked manner, shows the colloquial, realistic style in which he has chosen to deliver the speeches of this most poetic and ideal of Shakespeare's conceptions. At the close of the scene he not only cuts out all that passes between Hamlet and his mother, after he has told her to refrain herself from his uncle's bed that night, which includes a reference to his feigned madness, and the well-known passage about "the engineer hoist with his own petard," but he transposes the line,

"Thus bad begins and worse remains behind,"

and makes it close the scene. Worse yet, and characteristic of the low, literal tone in which he pitches his conception of the tragedy, when he says, "Thus bad begins," he points with his forefinger behind the arras to the dead Polonius, and, pausing a moment, concludes the speech, "and

worse remains behind," pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to his mother, who has left the apartment. A more absurd and debasing perversion of the author's purpose it would be difficult to imagine. But it is in entire keeping with Mr. Fechter's conception of the character of Hamlet, which has a selfpoise and rounded perfection quite marvellous. As Shakespeare wrote this line, it is one of those general reflections on men and things with which Hamlet diverts his mind, even in the most important crisis of his life: it has no particular reference to any thing or act, and only a general pertinence to the situation. Mr. Fechter—or, if not he, some one else—cuts it out of its setting, transposes it, and brings it down to bald reality by violently applying it to the killing of the old courtier and the conduct of the Queen.

But although there is such a consistency between Mr. Fechter's conception of Hamlet and the text he gives us, that the conclusion as to a proposed formation of that text is warranted, it seems more probable, so amazing is his ignorance of the character of Shakespeare's prince, that he is entirely unacquainted with the tragedy as Shakespeare wrote it, and has studied only the old mutilated stage copy in vogue in the early part of this century.

To say much more of this performance would be superfluous, even were there room and time in which to say it; but it is worth while to notice the shifts to which the actor is put in his effort to be both colloquial and original. He continually startles the ear by an accent thrown in an unusual and generally an improper place; as thus, to the Ghost, "Go on, I'll follow thee," the consequence of which is a distinction between Hamlet and his companions which is entirely out of keeping with the purpose of the scene. And again: "Thou com'st in such a questionable shape that I *will* speak to thee;" but no one has forbidden or even entreated him not to speak to the Ghost. And again, as to Polonius being at supper, he says, "Not where *he* eats;" the sense being merely that Polonius is at a supper, not where *he* eats, but where *he is eaten*! Such extravagance is, however, the almost inevitable consequence and punishment of an effort to be original for the sake of being original, and to read an ideal drama colloquially. Of the latter fault, the scene with the Clown in the graveyard is a very glaring and offensive example. Mr. Fechter, instead of entering at "a distance," and communing with Horatio apart until he addresses the Gravedigger (Shakespeare indicates a palpable break in Hamlet's speech, and an approach to the Clown), plumps right down upon the man, stands at the foot of the grave, and speaks out his thoughts without reserve or hesitation, and then sits down on a gravestone, raises one leg upon the other knee, nurses his foot, and falls 'a-chaffing with the fellow, as if he were a New York politician courting popularity with a gentlemanly barkeeper. In brief, in spite of the middle-age illuminated manuscript on which the speech is written which he hands the "First Player" (he might just as well hand him a leaf of the *Nation*), Mr. Fechter's Hamlet is quite such a colloquial, everyday, *déagagé* prince as any one of our first families in the Fifth Avenue might ask to drop in without ceremony and take a family dinner, or ask him even without knowing that he was his mother's son, and learn after his departure, to their wonder, delight, and vexation, that they had entertained a prince unawares.

For the pronunciation of this spirited actor constant and large allowance must be made; and in criticising him, that trait of his elocution must be passed over with tolerant good-nature, in grateful consideration of his peculiar merits. But one of his lapses in this play was so characteristic, so annoying, and so provocative of laughter that it should be mentioned. He said—

"I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, *rauldane*; O answer me!"

But Mr. Fechter's performance, however intolerable it is as a representation of Shakespeare's Hamlet, is full of instruction. Napoleon said to Talma that he would make him play to a theatre full of kings. Mr. Fechter should play Hamlet to a theatre full of actors. By a thoughtful study of his performance, they might learn what it is that makes tragedy in itself so distasteful nowadays to cultivated people; and they might perhaps seize and take to themselves the secret power by which Mr. Fechter gives to this, as well as to all his impersonations, that vividness, unity, and picturesque vitality which ensure him his constant hold on the attention of every individual in his audiences, even when he fails to attain their approval. "What do you think?" said one to another, after his first performance here of the "Prince of Denmark." "Well," was the reply, "a very lively piece of acting; but it is hard to tell whether it is Hamlet playing Ruy Blas or Ruy Blas playing Hamlet."

Correspondence.

THE PROPOSED DISMISSALS OF ARMY OFFICERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I respectfully ask your influence in behalf of the army officers before whom the prospect is now opening of speedy and relentless decapitation. I am well aware that the opinions of any military officer regarding army legislation will be attributed to personal motives, and therefore excite less interest or examination into their justice than might be expected did they emanate from some uninterested authority. Therefore, I ask your voice in our behalf. I have searched the leading daily journals for some evidence of a disposition to defend our cause *on the ground of justice*, but no success has rewarded my investigations. On the contrary, I find the subject of army reduction discussed with sneers, abuse, and sarcasm; all considerations of justice involved in the question utterly ignored, or referred to as presumption; and in the least vindictive journals leniency in our behalf urged only on the ground of charity. So much for the *leaders* of public sentiment. Turning to Congress, I find no indication of a desire to fairly and justly discuss the question. No voice is raised in our behalf, and recommendations of the President and heads of Departments favoring us are passed by in silence.

In the House Military Bill recently reported, no allusion is made to the portions of the above official reports referring to insufficiency of pay, miserable quarters, and suggestions as to army reform. All such considerations are ignored in the eager desire to get rid of us, on the ground of retrenchment. It is called economy to discharge an officer, with the present of a year's pay and allowances, when the fact exists that at the expiration of the year the same officer, if retained on the rolls, would be "absorbed," having previously earned his pay on detached service as Indian agent, recruiting duty, College Military Professor, and other positions where his services are now, and can be, made available. I have tried to take an unprejudiced view of the subject, and am confident of the existence of considerations not to be ignored. If it were an outrageous breach of faith for five hundred officers (more or less) to offer their resignations on the eve of hostilities with a foreign nation, surely the unjust discharge from the service of those same officers must be a proceeding equally open to disparaging criticism. Permit me to briefly call your attention to some of the reasons that impel me to ask your protest against our summary muster-out.

On the 28th of July, 1866, Congress passed an act for the "permanent" organization of the army. In compliance with its provisions, applications for appointments were made, examinations passed, and all requirements of Congress complied with by a large number of those who had faithfully served in the volunteer service during the late war. As evidence of their compliance with the provisions of the above act, they have the commission issued to them. Relying upon the permanency of their positions, they no longer sought civil positions, and assumed, by marriage, responsibilities utterly unwarranted under other circumstances. They allowed the best years of their lives to glide away, increasing in military knowledge, but losing all opportunities of again commencing life outside of their professions. Suddenly the prospect opens to them of being turned adrift, by muster-out, at an advanced age, and forced to begin life anew trammelled by responsibilities assumed in blind confidence, with no resources except a present of one year's pay and allowances (which would be consumed by arrearages contracted in trying to "keep up their positions"), and rendered unfit by their profession to obtain a foothold. If the absence of all reliance upon the permanency of public positions, which is the curse of the civil branch, is to pervade the military branch of the Government, how can superiority of discipline and training be expected? It is humiliating to compare our troops on the northern frontier with those of the English army on duty in Canada. It is impossible for an officer to take the same pride in the military instruction of those under his command so long as he feels that Congress will legislate him out of the service, consolidate the company on which he has expended hours of labor, transfer him to a different regiment by entirely "wiping out" his old regiment with all its associations, or in some way suspend and interfere with the efficiency of the service. An approaching session of Congress is, under the circumstances, anticipated with a feeling of uncertainty that *must* impair the zeal and energy so necessary to the effectiveness of an army. Not desiring or presuming to expect the publication of this letter, I respectfully ask your charity for all

errors and omissions, and trust the facts I have stated may justify my request for your plea in behalf of the officers of the army.

Respectfully yours,

REGULAR ARMY.

February 9, 1870.

[This is undoubtedly a fair subject of complaint. A good many honest and able men in Congress are acquiescing in this piece of injustice, through an unthinking though praiseworthy zeal for retrenchment; but they are not the persons whom the victims have most to fear, or have most reason to complain of. The army (and we include the navy) is the one branch of the public service, as Mr. Jenckes showed in his reports last year, which has preserved the spirit of honesty, self-sacrifice, and fidelity which should animate all branches of it, but does not. Army officers have their faults, like all men, and like all professions, but cheating, shirking, and intriguing are not amongst the number. They do not steal the Government funds; they do in the most efficient manner all work set them to do; they are faithful in all circumstances, even unto death; they love their calling more than money; and they are the only class of men in Government employ who see behind the party in power "that yet auguster thing," the whole country, for whose glory and prosperity parties ought to exist, which was before all parties, and will survive them all. Now, we confess, we think if it be allowable for the community to tax itself for any purpose except the payment of the bare expenses of preserving order, the maintenance of a body of this sort is not by any means a bad thing to tax ourselves for. We believe the existence of such a body is at least as useful to the country as any "interest" which now has to rely on protection for its existence. We would far rather have a boy grow up in sight of a batch of men in the public service doing faithfully the work given them to do, through good and evil report, and without expectation of much other reward than the approval of their own consciences, and in faithfulness to traditions of honor and duty, of which they had made themselves the guardians, than of any mill that ever was built. Now we have no hesitation in saying that their very virtues, their thoroughness, their efficiency, their honesty, their hatred of quackery, charlatanism, and self-seeking, make the army officers intensely obnoxious to a certain set of politicians who are just now very influential in the House, and are by no means powerless in the Senate. We shall not mention names, but it would not take a very shrewd guesser to guess at least one of the persons of this kind, in the House, whom we have in our eye.

But even if it be admitted that it is no part of the business of Government to provide examples of virtue, it has to be remembered that in the case of a large proportion of the officers whom it is now proposed to dismiss to private life, we are under solemn and binding obligations, of which this dismissal will be a most discreditable and heartless evasion. Their case as against the Government is stated in our correspondent's letter. They were given to understand, when they were offered positions in the army at the close of the war, that these positions would be permanent, and in dependence on these promises they relinquished their chances in private life. "Where," as Paley says, "the terms of promises admit of more senses than one, the promise is to be performed in that sense in which the promiser apprehended at the time that the promisee received it." There is no doubt about the sense in which the promisees in this case received the promise. They understood that they were offered a permanency; in consideration of this permanency in a profession they had learned to love, they refused to return to civil life, at an age when openings in civil life would still have been easily found by them, and devoted themselves to a service of unusual hardship and danger at low wages. The turning of them out now without compensation, or on half-pay, is therefore not only a breach of faith, but one of a kind which we regret to say has of late become somewhat alarmingly common, and against which the public ought to set their faces. It springs naturally out of a doctrine which a certain class of politicians sometimes preach with boldness, but at all times act on, namely, that a nation has no conscience, and is bound by no moral law; that it may cheat its creditors, if it pleases, by putting a new construction on the bargain under which it borrowed their money; or may outwit foreigners by treating the different branches of the Government, not as parts of

one political system, sharing in a common responsibility, but as isolated and independent agencies, for whose sayings and doings no other branch is in any way answerable; or may play false, as in the present case, with its own servants, by treating each Congress, or Administration, as inheriting the constitutional power, but not necessarily the moral obligations, of those that have gone before. Nay, in the Reconstruction matter, Congress has repeatedly treated its own laws, passed in the most solemn manner, and after much deliberation—laws, too, in the nature of a contract—as of no force or effect, as soon as it became inconvenient to obey them, and set them aside at once, without taking the trouble to repeal or amend them. The effect of these performances on the public mind every thinking man must regard as very mischievous, and likely to prove more so; and the gradual admission of large bodies of ignorant persons to a share in the government, which is now going on, and likely to go on, renders more necessary than ever the cultivation of respect for plighted faith. This may be said to be as near an approach as there is to the soul of a people. A people which wants it may have the tongues of angels and of men, immeasurable corn, wine, and oil, and yet they will all profit it nothing. The case of the army officers is no more important than other cases, but it has in it an element which appeals strongly to human sympathy. There is no victim so pitiable, because there is none so helpless, as the victim of national injustice; and it ought to be remembered that the sum saved by defrauding these men is scarcely noticeable in the public accounts, and that the strongest advocates of the wrong know well that by reforming the Civil Service they might save in a single year a quarter of the revenue, but would not raise a finger for the purpose. Moreover, one very large proportion of the men who are now to be dismissed are actually engaged in the performance of civil duties, and their places will have to be filled by the ordinary political “rotators.”—ED. NATION.]

PROTECTION TO AMERICAN THOUGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you yield me space to express my entire dissent from your views in relation to the proposed increased tariff duties on books, as expressed in your literary notes of the 17th instant? Let me premise that I am a protectionist of the H. C. Carey and Horace Greeley school, dyed, I may say, in the wool. The *Nation*, I regret to see, is inclined to free trade. Though differing from you *in toto*, I cannot at all sympathize with my friends of the *Tribune*, or with Mr. Congressman Kelley, who weaken a good cause by raising against their opponents a cry of “British gold,” or calling them “Arnolds” or “Traitors.” Mr. Wells and his friends are, I believe, wrong, and inflicting on our country great injury, but I do not question their honesty, and cannot but recognize their capacity.

Let me, however, come to the point. The difficulty with the proposed tariff, as regards literature, is not that it is excessive, but that it is based on a wrong principle. For years we have been looking and longing for a distinct American literature; we have asked for book-writers, and get only book-makers. Why is this? Is it not because American authors have hitherto had no protection at all? You free-traders are always talking of the law of supply and demand. I, as a protectionist, accept all you say, but ask you in return, Does not nature abhor a vacuum? If you want a supply, must you not first create a demand? What demand is there for the results of American thought and literary development while the whole intellectual cravings of the country are satisfied with the works of foreign writers? Do we not compel our authors to compete with those of all Europe? Are not our writers undersold and driven from the market by the hacks of every European Grub Street? I write with some feeling on this subject, for I am myself an author, and wholly fail to see why pig-iron, and salt, and calico, and coal producers should be protected, and, I allow, very properly protected, while my books lie unsold on the counter because the reading public is sufficiently supplied with American reprints of foreign writers. How can we expect an American literature—a literature tasting of the soil, racy—while this state of things continues? I, for one, have too much knowledge of my country people to doubt, for an instant, of their latent literary capacity. It needs but the demand to create the supply. During the late war, did we not see great military talent, the existence of which, but for that war, would never have been imagined—did we not see this wealth of talent spring forth in response to an artificial demand of but three years' continuance? So would it be in literature could the same demand be created. I am painfully conscious that I

am myself no Dickens, or Tennyson, or Mill, or Froude; but I cannot doubt, could the works of these admirable authors be shut out, and wholly excluded from America, but for one single ten years, we should soon boast of writers of our own superior to any of those I have named. We have but to make the demand for intellectual, as for physical, nutriment, and the supply will surely follow.

This is the position taken by Mr. Greeley in his recent economical writings, and I go with him to its full length. He argued only in relation to his paper—the admirable *Tribune*. I have not my thumb-marked copy of his work now at hand, but I remember well the argument. He maintained that, as against the London press, his paper needed no protection, for both dealt in news, and the ten days' difference in time between England and this country gave him a monopoly of the home market. But for this, he claimed that he would have a right to and should receive adequate protection. We American authors have no such advantage; we are ceaselessly exposed to hard, killing competition, and work; for the book-sellers can steal the works of foreign writers, but have to pay us some pittance for ours. Our nativity is absolutely an additional burden imposed upon us!

What this country now needs is that the protective system should not only be sustained as regards all material productions, but that it should be extended over the regions of thought. The defect in the proposed tariff is that it recognizes book printers and ignores book makers. Both should be regarded. The cry should be for American thought printed in America! A heavy protective duty and internal revenue tax should be placed on the works of all foreign authors, living or dead, whether printed in Europe or in this country. I love my Shakespeare, but gladly would I shut him out when by so doing I knew that he would soon be replaced by an American Shakespeare all our own. Gladly will I close my Macaulay when by so doing I shall convert our Motley into something like him. Let the country but give to its authors for a few years the same protection it has so long and so generously afforded to its spinners, its founders, and its miners, and no Sydney Smith will ever again demand, “Who reads an American book?” Is not intellectual dependence at least as degrading as material dependence? The *Nation*, knowing from whom this communication comes, will at least vouch for me to its public, that it comes from one who, for mere want of the protection afforded by our Government to all others of its citizens, is, though not an unsuccessful, still

A POOR AUTHOR. B

Boston, February 22, 1870.

[We have discussed this subject elsewhere, in an article written before the receipt of the above letter. We confess, however, we look on the letter as a very powerful statement of the case—far more powerful than that of “Author” of the Boston *Advertiser*. The plan of shutting out dead foreign authors as well as living ones, and thus, so to speak, cutting completely loose from past ages, is a bold and striking conception, which we recommend to the consideration of the Committee of Ways and Means. Shakespeare *does* weigh on native dramatists; Milton weighs on native epic writers; we know it; we see cases of it every day. We do incline to free trade, as our correspondent says; but we are not narrow, and trust we are open to conviction. A distinguished American poet has, however, suggested to us a plan of protection for native authors, which seems to us, in many respects, better than any yet hit upon. It makes little difference to him, he maintains, whether foreign poetry is kept out of the country or not if the natives won't buy the home article. “Therefore,” says he, “let the collector of taxes be directed to ask every head of a family to produce once a year a copy of my poems (complete edition), or else pay so much. This would ensure my genius real encouragement; the mere exclusion of Tennyson and Arnold would not.”—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. LEYPOLDT & HOLT have in preparation a work which we are very glad to announce: “An Introduction to Anglo-Saxon, Semi-Saxon, and Early English Reading. With a Grammatical Glossary and Notes, Philological and Explanatory. By Hiram Corson, A.M., Professor in St. John's College, Annapolis.” The collection opens with an Anglo-Saxon version of the Gospel according to St. John, and then follow selections

from the Homilies of Aelfric, from King Alfred's versions of the History of Paulus Orosius, and of Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ; from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; from the Ormulum; the Proclamation of King Henry III., 18 Oct., 1258; Selections from Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle; from the Vision of William concerning Piers Plowman; from Pierce the Ploughman's Crede; from the Wycliffite versions of the Bible; from Gower's Confessio Amantis; and other extracts which we have omitted to enumerate. There are added notes, and an outline of Anglo-Saxon grammar, and a Glossary. Such a text-book will do much to stimulate the study of our mother-tongue both in and out of colleges; and we trust it will have the secondary effect of procuring the hundred or so subscribers yet lacking to enable Prof. Corson to undertake publishing his "Thesaurus of Archaic English down to the time of Milton." This enterprise is in some sense a test of American culture, and we shall rejoice to have it sustained.

—One frequently has to go away from home to get home news, and so it happens that we must copy from *Trübner's Literary Record* verses taken from "Poems by Rachel Bahn" (York, Pa.: H. C. Adams & Co., 1869), in the Pennsylvania Dutch; for which we trust we shall be excused by the interest manifested in our recent article on this dialect. Miss Bahn has been an invalid for many years, and, as such, writes feelingly of nature:

"Guckt yuscht mol selle Baehm dort draus,
Wie blueche sie so schoe!
Ihr suesser g'ruch mel Hertz erquickt,
In fact, ich muss sell g'steh."—p. 179.

This stanza will easily be interpreted by those who understand German, unless the first five words trouble them: Look at just once those trees (*selle*, Ger. dieselbe, selbige). More pathos has this "*muss sell g'steh*"—this reluctant avowal—in the following connection:

"Die voegel singe ah net meh,
Sie sin now fort, sell muss mer g'steh,
Wu sie die climate suhte duht,
Doh singe sie mit frischem muth."—p. 183.

Ah net meh, Ger. auch nicht mehr; mer, Ger. wir; wu, Ger. wo; suhte, Eng. suit; duht, Ger. that (does); doh, Ger. da. After the birds, we have the trees again:

"Die Baehm sie stehne bloss yetzt doh,
Sie ben abglaegt ihr suht,
Gar nix so schoe in' herrlich guckt,
Als wie's in summer duht."—p. 185.

Abglaegt, Ger. abgelegt. In one line of a piece called "Vocal Music," Miss Bahn draws sparingly on her native tongue:

"Wie soothing vocal music is!"

and hardly less so in the last line of a stanza following the declaration:

"Mei fav'rite leeder hab ich ah,"

and which reads thus:

"'Angels welcome' is achns dafun,
Lace [read] yuscht a' mol sell leed,
Wie troestlich sin die worte doch!
Der tune is ah complete."—p. 199.

We may mention here that one or two historical blunders crept into our article on "Pennsylvania Dutch," of which the one connecting Count Zinzendorf with the Mennonites was the most obvious.

—We see mentioned as in the English press or as already published a large number of works in philology, and in history and biography, which will interest the general reader as well as the specialist engaged in study. Professor Max Müller has written another volume of his "Chips from a German Workshop." The ancient and modern literature of France, Germany, and England is his theme in this third volume of the set. The same writer has translated the "Dhammapada," the earliest extant canonical book of the Buddhists, and will publish it conjointly with the "Buddhaghosha's Parables," translated from the Burmese by Captain H. T. Rogers, of which we have previously given some account. "The Families of Speech" is by the Rev. F. W. Farrar, who treats his subject historically, and discourses upon the bearing of the latest philological researches on the facts of history and ethnology. The Rev. Mr. Cox, well known for his labors in the field of classical mythology, has in press a book on the "Mythology of the Aryan Nations." Professor Edward Maetzner, of Berlin, brings out "A Copious English Grammar," which is described by its translator—"a member of the Philological Society of London"—as being "a methodical, analytical, and historical treatise on the orthography, prosody, inflections, and syntax of the English tongue, with numerous authorities cited in the order of historical development." It is in three volumes, and, as Professor Maetzner already has the praise of the best authorities as a very admirable scholar in Old English and Anglo-Saxon, it may be that here at last we have the English grammar that, since ever

there was an English tongue, everybody has been waiting for. Dr. R. G. Latham's great English dictionary, based on Johnson's, is now, after many years, completed in two heavy quarto volumes. "A Dictionary of Norman French," by a M. Melivier, of the Isle of Guernsey, is announced by Messrs. Williams & Norgate, who also publish "An Old Norse or Icelandic Grammar," by the Rev. G. Bayldon. There was to be an age of critics, Professor Wilson prophesied, when once the men of the Byronic age had passed away and left the field of English literature to the small men—necessarily small, the Professor thought, with the Scotch modesty that is so pleasing—who would follow the giants of his own time. We have had more or less criticism, to be sure, but not so very much was required for duly commenting on Macintosh and Moore and Byron and Scott and Wilson himself and Wordsworth and Coleridge; and perhaps it would have been as good a prophecy if Kit North had announced that the age succeeding his own would be an age of *ana*, and, further, that neither the collection of *ana* nor the criticising of our immediate predecessors—interesting as they are in many ways—would engrossingly absorb the mental activity of this generation. At all events, we are just now getting a good many volumes of memoirs whose chief value is in the stories that they tell of the distinguished men and women of the close of the last century and the beginning of this. "Crabbe Robinson's Diary;" the "Life of Landor;" "The Life of Jane Austen;" the "Life of Wilson" himself; all the talk about Byron; the "Memoirs of Miss Mitford;" the "Life of the Misses Berry"—all these sufficiently prove by their existence the interest which we take in the personalities if not in the works of the famous of the last generation.

—To these books that we have named, and the countless others similar that we have omitted, there are now to be added, of new ones, two volumes of the correspondence of the Right Hon. William Wickham, and a volume of "Autobiographic Recollections of the late Professor Pryme," whose reminiscences extend over a period of seventy years and contain a great many anecdotes. The same character may probably be ascribed to the expected "Life of Palmerston," by Sir Henry Bulwer. We may, we suppose, put under the double head of history and biography Sir W. Dennison's "Varieties of Viceregal Life," and Earl Russell's Selections from his Speeches (1817-'41) and Despatches (1859-'65). The selections are in two volumes, and each volume has an introduction. It is as historical and biographical, also, that we are to count Mr. Spedding's fifth volume of his "Life and Letters of Bacon." Of history pure and simple is Mr. Adlard's "Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester;" Viscount Milton's "History of the San Juan Boundary Question;" the first volume (out of five) of Professor Creasy's "History of England from the Earliest Times;" Mr. Robert Sewall's "Analytical History of India from the Earliest Times down to 1858," and the Rev. George Rawlinson's "Manual of Ancient History"—Chaldea, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Lydia, Phœnicia, Syria, Judea, Egypt, Carthage, Greece, Macedonia, Rome, Parthia—all in an octavo of six hundred pages. An octavo likely to be more useful is one by Mr. Edward Freeman, entitled "The Historical Geography of Europe," and well filled with maps, whose use is to show how the Roman empire broke into pieces, and how, after its disintegration, the states of modern Europe gradually were formed. No one will deny that this is a work much wanted, and on Mr. Freeman's own account, also, it is permitted one to rejoice that it is done; and that, probably, it will be read and studied; and that hereafter in the *Saturday Review* Mr. Freeman will be able to possess his soul in more peace than has been his for several years. A man more critic-troubled by his own knowledge and other people's ignorance of mediæval geography and ethnology and history, certainly never existed—never, at any rate, carried on his painful existence in public. Other works belonging to history are a "Historical Account of the Neutrality of Great Britain during the American Civil War," by Professor Montague Bernard, of Oxford; "Selections from the Correspondence of the late Earl of Elgin," by Mr. T. Walrond; and "The Letters of the late Right Hon. Sir George Cornewall Lewis," edited by his brother, the Rev. Sir G. Lewis.

—No book has recently appeared in England of such weight or interest as to elevate its class into an importance greater than that which theological and religious works have, in virtue of their number, and the number of the people whom they address. The Œcumenical Council fills the newspapers with letters—letters that have now become as tiresome as those letters always get to be which harp on the events which newspaper men think "important"—but as yet there has not appeared more than one book upon the subject. That is to say, there has appeared not more than one English book. "Janus" perhaps has satisfied the English reading world, outside of Catholicism; and as for the Catholics, they naturally are wait

ing to see what will be done at Rome. The one English book we speak of is by the new Earl of Crawford (Lord Lindsay), and is entitled "Ecumenicity in its Relations to the Church of England." The Hon. Colin Lindsay, a recent convert from Anglicanism to Romanism, is the author of what may be called a legal treatise, with the title of "The Evidence for the Papacy, as derived from the Holy Scriptures and from Primitive Antiquity," which is different from most of the other works of the same class if it does not displease those whom the writer has left, please well enough those to whom he has gone, and find and leave the rest of the world indifferent. The Rev. Orby Shipley has, doubtless, made of his new edition of "The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola" an exceedingly pretty volume, for, so far at least as concerns the appearance of a book, he is perfection as an editor. It is not always, however, that he exercises his skill and taste on books of intrinsic importance. Archbishop Manning is the editor of a third set of essays by various authors, entitled "On Religion and Literature." "The Church and the Age" is a volume of essays by Dean Hook and others of the Anglican Clergy, in which is set forth the present position of the English Church. More interesting than any of these works is a second letter by Dr. Pusey to Dr. Newman. It follows in the track of the "Eirenicon," and enquires, "Is Healthful Reunion Impossible?"—a question which one would think had been answered so far as Dr. Newman can answer it. Mr. Spurgeon offers "The Treasury of David," which is said to be "an original exposition of the Book of Psalms," and, besides, "a collection of illustrative extracts from the whole range of literature," as well as a series of "homiletical hints upon almost every verse," so that preachers should find it useful. So, probably, would they find a periodical called "The Christian," which is a weekly record of Christian life, testimony, and experiences. For teachers and pupils in theological schools, there is the Rev. Dr. Waterland's "Critical History of the Athanasian Creed;" a school edition of a new translation of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History;" Melia's "History of the Persecutions of the Waldenses;" and "A Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology," by various writers, which the Rivingtons are publishing in eight volumes, which are carefully written, "with a view to modern thought as well as a respect for ancient authority," and which are designed to be safe reading for the clergy and laity of the Church of England. Dr. Newman's "Sermons on Subjects of the Day" appear now in one volume, uniform with the eight volumes of the "Parochial and Plain Sermons"—nine volumes of model discourses for preachers who address audiences at once cultivated in mind and religiously disposed. All, we think, were composed while Mr. Newman was still a Protestant.

—Of poetry in England the crop of the next season promises to be light; there are but one or two of the forthcoming volumes that will be worth much attention. There is a rumor, how well founded we do not know, that Mr. Dante Rossetti will gather into a book the poems of his which hitherto have had only a private circulation, and those, fewer in number, which have seen the light only in out of the way periodicals; but which have procured him almost as many admirers as he has had readers. The *New Path*, we think it was, that reproduced in this country his "Blessed Damosel" and some other pieces which stamp him an unmistakable poet; though one can imagine some of them disliked by people who do not care to see spiritual things treated passionately. Still, when all allowances have been made, it may be doubted if there are in England two persons more genuinely poetical in cast of mind and temperament than Dante Rossetti and his sister Christina; and both have given expression more or less adequate and beautiful to their gift. Their brother, Mr. William Rossetti, who also is busy in literature and has tried verse as well as criticism, has ready a new edition of Shelley. It is in two volumes, the old poems are carefully revised, and some new ones are now first printed, and a life of the poet is prefixed. A good life of Shelley, setting down naught in malice, and not extenuating anything either, is a thing to be desired. Rather to be desired than hoped for, perhaps, from Mr. Rossetti, who should be a good admirer, one would say. The *rabies biographica* must certainly be among the capacities of a man who can admire Walt Whitman and find a deal in Swinburne, and that, if we do not forget, is Mr. Rossetti's case. Mr. Swinburne, as we have already recorded, is to give us "Bothwell" this year, and he now announces a new volume called "Songs of the Republic." Quite as promising as either of these is the work of an anonymous compiler, with the title of "The Epigrammatists," containing a selection of English, French, Latin, and Greek epigrams, and accounts of the authors—the accounts short, as indeed they should be, the men being few whose epigrams are many; and to give biographies to the writers of simple epigrams is to count on very great

gentleness in readers. We think we have not mentioned before, though it is two or three months old, a one-volume edition of the plays of Massinger, after Gifford's text, but containing also the tragedy "Believe as you List," not in Gifford. We think there is no edition of this fine dramatist that is accessible to the American reader which is so cheap as this five-shilling edition. Messrs. F. Warne & Co. are the publishers.

—Among late or forthcoming English books of interest which may be classed under the head of Miscellaneous are these: "An Essay on the Origin of Civilization and the Primeval Condition of Man," by Sir John Lubbock; "Primitive Culture, or Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art, and Customs," by Mr. E. B. Taylor; "Ireland, Industrial and Social," by Mr. J. N. Murphy; a volume of Letters on Ireland by the gentleman who has recently been the Special Correspondent of the London *Times* in that country; a "History of Gambling in all Ages," by Mr. A. Steinmetz; a Monograph, by Harriet Parr, on Eugénie and Maurice de Guérin; a "Handbook to the Knowledge of the British Constitution;" a new edition, almost entirely rewritten, of Dr. Acton's book entitled "Prostitution considered in its Moral, Social, and Sanitary Aspects;" a series of colored prints representing the British soldiers of the various arms of the service; a series of colored prints in a folio entitled "Chronological Pictures of English History, from the Ancient Britons to the time of Victoria;" "2,700 Mottoes and Aphorisms from Shakespeare, with an Index of 8,000 References to Words and Ideas," published by Hogg & Son; "The City Friends of Shakespeare," by J. B. Orridge; "Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers, an Exposition of their Similarities of Thought and Expression," by Mr. H. Green; a complement to Sir C. W. Dilke's "Greater Britain," in the shape of "Travels in Russia," by that gentleman; a new English version, with notes, of the "Travels of Marco Polo," published by Mr. Murray. We may say here that the class or classes of miscellaneous books which constitute the gift-books of the holiday season had but a bad sale during the season just gone, and that the English publishers are reported by Mr. Charles Welford as being in something of a quandary over the question what to do about next year's Christmas literature. We do not know why it is not much to be wished that they should do nothing at all. It is rather pleasant than otherwise to find that the publishers, as well as literature, have been suffering from the custom that has latterly prevailed.

—No one could have been more gratified than ourselves if the recent controversy between Prof. E. P. Evans and Prof. Gustavus Fischer had resulted favorably to the former. We had a direct interest in the matter, owing to the praise bestowed by the *Nation* on the "Abriss der Deutschen Literaturgeschichte," which has been under dissection; and we should have been glad if the literary judgment which we adopted, from our faith in Prof. Evans's character, as well as in his attainments, had been, if not confirmed, at least not seriously impaired. However, both parties have now been heard, and more than once, and it is possible to decide between them without injustice. The papers which have already attempted to do so have shown either a theological bias, on the one hand, or a "Know-Nothing" bias on the other. It is needless to say that we sympathize with neither, but purpose making an unprejudiced presentation of the facts in the case. As we write, the whole of what has been published on both sides, by the author and his critic, is to be found in the *American Educational Monthly* for January, February, and March, and the *Chronicle* (of the University of Michigan) for January 29 and February 12. Prof. Fischer's charges are of three kinds: (a) that the *Abriss* is not what it (negatively) purports to be, original; (b) that it is mainly made up of notes taken at a series of private lectures by Prof. Wm. Müller, of the University of Göttingen, in 1859-60; (c) that it is so full of errors, misapprehensions, omissions, and confusion, as to be worse than worthless to students or scholars. To this Prof. Evans replies in general, that (a, b) he had prepared a preface which was not printed with the first edition (for use in his own classes), acknowledging his indebtedness to a great many German professors, Müller included, whose lectures he had attended; that he did not use his notes of any of these lectures in preparing his *Abriss*, but that they were inextricably mingled in his mind with ideas derived from authors, to be named in the preface, whose works he had read, making notes which he *did* use; that he heard a portion only of Prof. Müller's lectures, and in 1858-9 (not 1859-60); that his notes on these covered scarcely three sheets of paper, and to them he owed only "a few hints as to the general division of the subject into periods;" finally (c), that "competent critics, both in America and Europe, have pronounced a very different judgment" on the *Abriss* from that pronounced by Prof. Fischer. The latter's proofs of plagiarism consist in, (1) the style of the

Abriss, which he recognized as unmistakably that of the German professor; (2) correspondences (in detail, for about sixty pages; in scheme or outline, throughout) with notes made at the same lectures by a Mr. Wiemann, procured by Prof. Fischer, and endorsed as genuine by Prof. Müller; (3) discrepancies due to misunderstanding the lecturer; (4) disproportion in treatment of periods and authors, incongruous and incoherent judgments and descriptions, and errors of a sort incompatible with originality or research. On the second point, Prof. Fischer's exact words are: "In the arrangement of the periods and their subdivisions, and in the scheme of the whole, there is a complete identity" between the two sets of notes. Prof. Evans replies: (1) Naturally he has caught the professor's style; (2) he doubts the existence of Mr. Wiemann. To (3) and (4) he replies not in general terms—for they were not formulated as we have put them—but according to the several instances alleged by his critic. Prof. Fischer begins his citations of parallelism at page 9 of the *Abriss*, and places eleven (with one gap not indicated) consecutive paragraphs, making nearly the whole of page 10, against Wiemann's notes as they run; in each instance the German text only. Prof. Evans appears, from this comparison, to have made one omission, two insertions, a few insignificant and some very significant alterations, but on the whole to have followed Müller, *pari passu*, in thought and order of thought. To clear himself of this imputation, he asserts that he has merely used what are now axioms in the history of literature, and explains on this ground the likeness of seven of the ten agreeing paragraphs, citing both his own and Wiemann's, and then from well-known authorities passages embodying the same ideas; but, "out of tender regard for the infirmities of the general reader," rendering all the quotations into English. To be sure, he gives occasionally the German word in parenthesis, but this only when it makes for his side, and sometimes with the effect of diverting the reader from the point of resemblance. And he neglects entirely to account for the order of ideas in each paragraph (which does not always reappear in his confirmatory citations), and for the order of the paragraphs themselves within the compass of a single page. That Prof. Fischer might have produced similar parallelisms in the subsequent pages as far as p. 60, when Wiemann's notes ceased to be full, is rendered probable (besides his word for it) by extracts from pp. 11-40, showing important misconceptions of, as well as continued agreement with, Müller's remarks as reported by Wiemann. When they contain an error of fact, Prof. Evans generally replies with an emendation; when they involve nice shades of meaning—the nuances which are the test of proficiency in a language not one's own—he is silent. But emendations and silence alike fail to account for such a composition as the paragraph which analyzes "Faust," or that other on "Thiersagen," in Prof. Fischer's second article, which we have not space to allude to further. We have verified all his citations from Prof. Evans, and have even detected in them an error favorable to the latter, and we conclude the *Abriss* to be wanting in originality, and to be more the echo of Prof. Müller than of any authority within our knowledge, though probably made up from other sources—from one of which, Weber's "History of German Literature," Prof. Evans is taxed with having "almost literally copied" his review of Latin poems of the ancient period. While disposed to allow him the full benefit of his intended preface, as if it had been printed, we cannot think that it gives a fair account of the nature of his book.

AUSTEN-LEIGH'S MEMOIR OF JANE AUSTEN.*

THE walls of our cities were placarded, the other day, with an advertisement of a new sensation novel, the flaring woodcut of which represented a girl tied down upon a table, and a villain preparing to cut off her feet. If this were the general taste, there would be no use in talking about Jane Austen. But if you ask at the libraries you will find that her works are still taken out; so that there must still be a faithful few who, like ourselves, will have welcomed the announcement of a Memoir of the authoress of "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma."

If Jane Austen's train of admirers has not been so large as those of many other novelists, it has been first-rate in quality. She has been praised—we should rather say, loved by all, from Walter Scott to Guizot, whose love was the truest fame. Her name has often been coupled with that of Shakespeare, to whom Macaulay places her second in the nice discrimination of shades of character. The difference between the two minds in degree is, of course, immense; but both belong to the same rare kind.

Both are really creative; both purely artistic; both have the marvellous power of endowing the products of their imagination with a life, as it were, apart from their own. Each holds up a perfectly clear and undistorting mirror—Shakespeare to the moral universe, Jane Austen to the little world in which she lived. In the case of neither does the personality of the author ever come between the spectator and the drama. Vulgar criticism calls Jane Austen's work Dutch painting. Miniature painting would be nearer the truth: she speaks of herself as working with a fine brush on a piece of ivory two inches wide. Dutch painting implies the selection of subjects in themselves low and uninteresting, for the purpose of displaying the skill of the painter, who can interest by the mere excellence of his imitation. Jane Austen passed her life in the society of English country gentlemen and their families, in the last century—a society affluent, comfortable, domestic, rather monotonous, without the interest which attaches to the struggles of labor, without tragic events or figures, seldom, in fact, rising dramatically above the level of sentimental comedy, but presenting, nevertheless, its varieties of character, its vicissitudes, its moral lessons—in a word, its humanity. She has painted it as it was, in all its features, the most tragic as well as the most comic, avoiding only melodrama. "In all the important preparations of the mind, she (Miss Bertram) was complete; being prepared for matrimony by a hatred of home, restraint, and tranquillity; by the misery of disappointed affection and contempt of the man she was to marry: the rest might wait." This is not the touch of Gerard Douw. An undertone of irony, never obtrusive but everywhere perceptible, shows that the artist herself knew very well that she was not painting gods and Titans, and keeps everything on the right level.

Jane Austen, then, was worthy of a memoir. But it was almost too late to write one. Like Shakespeare, she was too artistic to be autobiographic. She was never brought into contact with men of letters, and her own fame was almost posthumous, so that nobody took notes; and she had been fifty-two years in her grave when her nephew, the Rev. J. E. Austen-Leigh, the youngest of the mourners who attended her funeral, undertook to make a volume of his own recollections, those of one or two other surviving relatives, and a few letters. Of 230 pages, in large print, and with a margin the vastness of which requires to be relieved by a red rubric, not above a third is really biography; the rest is genealogy, description of places, manners, and customs, critical disquisition, testimonies of admirers. Still, thanks to the real capacity of the biographer, and to the strong impression left by a character of remarkable beauty on his mind, we catch a pretty perfect though faint outline of the figure which was just hovering on the verge of memory, and in a few years more would, like the figure of Shakespeare, have been swallowed up in night.

Jane Austen was the flower of a stock, full, apparently, through all its branches, of shrewd sense and caustic humor, which in her were combined with the creative imagination. She was born in 1775, at Steventon, in Hampshire, a country parish, of which her father was the rector. A village of cottages at the foot of a gentle slope, an old church with its coeval yew, an old manor-house, an old parsonage all surrounded by tall elms, green meadows, hedgerows full of primroses and wild hyacinths—such was the scene in which Jane Austen grew. It is the picture which rises in the mind of every Englishman when he thinks of his country. Around dwelt the gentry, more numerous and, if coarser and duller, more home-loving and less like pachas than they are now, when the smaller squires and yeomen have been swallowed up in the growing lordships of a few grandees, who spend more than half their time in London or in other seats of politics or pleasure. Not far off was a country town, a "Meryton," the central gossiping place of the neighborhood, and the abode of the semi-genteel. If a gentleman like Mr. Woodhouse lives equivocally close to the town, his "place" is distinguished by a separate name. There was no resident squire at Steventon, the old manor-house being let to a tenant, so that Jane's father was at once parson and squire. "That house (Edmund Bertram's parsonage) may receive such an air as to make its owner be set down as the great landholder of the parish by every creature travelling the road, especially as there is no real squire's house to dispute the point, a circumstance, between ourselves, to enhance the value of such a situation in point of privilege and advantage beyond all calculation." Her father having from old age resigned Steventon when Jane was six and twenty, she afterwards lived for a time with her family at Bath, a great watering-place, and the scene of the first part of "Northanger Abbey;" at Lyme, a pretty little sea-bathing place on the coast of Dorset, on the "Cobb" of which takes place the catastrophe of "Persuasion;" and at Southampton, now a great port, then a special seat of gentility. Finally, she found

* "A Memoir of Jane Austen. By her nephew, J. E. Austen-Leigh, Vicar of Bray, Berks." London: Richard Bentley. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co.

a second home with her widowed mother and her sister at Chawton, another village in Hampshire.

"In person," says Jane's biographer, "she was very attractive. Her figure was rather tall and slender, her step light and firm, and her whole appearance expressive of health and animation. In complexion, she was a clear brunette, with a rich color; she had full round cheeks, with mouth and nose small and well formed; bright hazel eyes (it is a touch of the woman, then, when Emma is described as having the *true hazel eye*), and brown hair forming natural curls close round her face." The sweetness and playfulness of "Dear Aunt Jane" are fresh after so many years in the memories of her nephew and nieces, who also strongly attest the sound sense and sterling excellence of character which lay beneath. She was a special favorite with children, for whom she delighted to exercise her talent in improvising fairy-tales. Unknown to fame, uncaressed save by family affection, and, therefore, unspoilt, while writing was her delight, she kept it in complete subordination to the duties of life, which she performed with exemplary conscientiousness in the house of mourning as well as in the house of feasting. Even her needlework was superfine. We doubt not that, if the truth was known, she was a good cook.

She calls herself "the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress;" but this is a nominal tribute to the jealousy of female erudition which then prevailed, and at which she sometimes glances, though herself very far from desiring a masculine education for women. In fact, she was well versed in English literature, read French with ease, and knew something of Italian—German was not thought of in those days. She had a sweet voice, and sang to her own accompaniment simple old songs which still linger in her nephew's ear. Her favorite authors were Johnson, whose strong sense was congenial to her, while she happily did not allow him to infect her pure and easy style; Cowper, Richardson, and Crabbe. She said that, if she married at all, she should like to be Mrs. Crabbe. And besides Crabbe's general influence, which is obvious, we often see his special touch in her writings:

"Emma's spirits were mounted up quite to happiness. Everything wore a different air. James and his horses seemed not half so sluggish as before. When she looked at the hedges, she thought the elder at least must soon be coming out; and, when she turned round to Harriet, she saw something like a look of spring—a tender smile even there."

Jane was supremely happy in her family relations, especially in the love of her elder sister, Cassandra, from whom she was inseparable. Of her four brothers, two were officers in the Royal Navy. How she watched their career, how she welcomed them home from the perils not only of the sea but of war (for it was the time of the great war with France), she has told us in painting the reception of William Price by his sister Fanny, in "Mansfield Park." It is there that she compares conjugal and fraternal love, giving the preference in one respect to the latter, because with brothers and sisters "all the evil and good of the earliest years can be gone over again, and every former united pain and pleasure retraced with the fondest recollection: an advantage this, a strengthener of love, in which even the conjugal tie is beneath the fraternal." It was, perhaps, because she was so happy in the love of her brothers and sisters, as well as because she was wedded to literature, that she was content, in spite of her good looks, to assume the symbolic cap of perpetual maidenhood at an unusually early age.

Thus she grew in a spot as sunny, as sheltered, and as holy as the violets which her biographer tells us abound beneath the south wall of Steventon church. It was impossible that she should have the experiences of Miss Brontë or Madame Sand; and without some experience the most vivid imagination cannot act, or can act only in the production of mere chimeras. To forestall Miss Braddon in the art of criminal phantasmagoria might have been within her power by the aid of strong green tea, but would obviously have been repugnant to her nature. We must not ask her, then, for the emotions and excitements which she could not possibly afford. The character of Emma is called commonplace. It is commonplace in the sense in which the same term may be applied to any normal beauty of nature—to a well-grown tree or to a perfectly developed flower. She is, as Mr. Weston says, "the picture of grown-up health." "There is health not merely in her bloom, but in her air, her gait, her glance." She has been brought up like Jane Austen herself, in a pure English household, among loving relations and good old servants. Her feet have been in the path of domestic and neighborly duty, quiet as the path which leads to the village church. It has been impossible for strong temptations or fierce passions to come near her. Yet men accustomed to the most exciting struggles, to the most powerful emotions of parliamentary life, have

found an interest, equal to the greatest ever created by a sensation novel in the little scrapes and adventures into which her weakness betrays her, and in the process by which her heart is gradually drawn away from objects apparently more attractive to the robust nature in union with which she is destined to find strength as well as happiness.

With more justice may Jane Austen be reproached with having been too much influenced by the prejudices of the somewhat narrow and rather vulgarly aristocratic, or rather plutocratic, society in which she lived. Her irony and her complete dramatic impersonality render it difficult to see how far this goes; but certainly it goes further than we could wish. Decidedly she believes in social caste, in gentility, and in its connection with affluence and good family; in its incompatibility with any but certain very refined and privileged kinds of labor; in the impossibility of being at once a gentleman and a trader, much more a yeoman or mechanic. "The yeomanry are precisely the order of people with whom I feel I can have nothing to do; a degree or two lower, and a creditable appearance, might interest me; I might hope to be useful to their families in some way or other; but a farmer can need none of my help, and is, therefore, in one sense, as much above my notice as in every other he is below it." This is said by Emma—by Emma when she is trying to deter her friend from marrying a yeoman, it is true, but still by Emma. The picture of the coarseness of poverty in the household of Fanny's parents in "Mansfield Park" is truth, but it is hard truth, and needs some counterpoise. Both in the case of Fanny Price and in that of Frank Churchill, the entire separation of a child from its own home for the sake of the worldly advantages furnished by an adoptive home of a superior class, is presented too much as a part of the order of nature. The charge of acquiescence in the low standard of clerical duty prevalent in the Establishment of that day is well founded, though perhaps not of much importance. Of more importance is the charge which might be made, with equal justice, of acquiescence in somewhat low and coarse ideas of the relations between the sexes, and of the destinies and proper aspirations of young women. "Mr. Collins, to be sure, was neither sensible nor agreeable; his society was irksome, and his attachment to her must be imaginary; but still he would be her husband. Without thinking highly either of men or matrimony, marriage had always been her object; it was the only honorable provision for well-educated young women of small fortune; and, however uncertain of giving happiness, must be their pleasantest preservative from want. This preservative she had now attained; and at the age of twenty-seven, without having ever been handsome, she felt all the good-luck of it." This reflection is ascribed to Charlotte Lucas, an inferior character, but still thought worthy to be the heroine's bosom friend.

Jane's first essays in composition were burlesques on the fashionable manners of the day; whence grew "Northanger Abbey," with its anti-heroine, Catherine Morley, "roving and wild, hating constraint and cleanliness, and loving nothing so much as rolling down the green slope at the back of the house," and with its exquisite travesty of the "Mysteries of Udolpho." But she soon felt her higher power. Marvellous to say, she began "Pride and Prejudice" in 1796, before she was twenty-one years old, and completed it in the following year. "Sense and Sensibility" and "Northanger Abbey" immediately followed; it appears, with regard to the latter, that she had already visited Bath, though it was not till afterwards that she resided there. But she published nothing—not only so, but it seems that she entirely suspended composition—till 1809, when her family settled at Chawton. Here she revised for the press what she had written, and wrote "Mansfield Park," "Emma," and "Persuasion." "Persuasion," whatever her nephew and biographer may say, and however Dr. Whewell may have fired up at the suggestion, betrays an enfeeblement of her faculties, and tells of approaching death. But we still see in it the genuine creative power multiplying new characters; whereas novelists who are not creative, when they have exhausted their original fund of observations, are forced to subsist by exaggeration of their old characters, by aggravated extravagances of plot, by multiplied adulteries and increased carnage.

"Pride and Prejudice," when first offered to Cadell, was declined by return of post. The fate of "Northanger Abbey" was still more ignominious: it was sold for ten pounds to a Bath publisher, who, after keeping it many years in his drawer, was very glad to return it and get back his ten pounds. No burst of applause greeted the works of Jane Austen like that which greeted the far inferior works of Miss Burney. *Credit occulto velut arbor ævo fama*. A few years ago, the verger of Winchester cathedral asked a visitor who desired to be shown her tomb, "what there was so particular about that lady that so many people wanted to see where

she was buried?" Nevertheless, she lived to feel that "her own dear children" were appreciated, if not by the vergers, yet in the right quarters, and to enjoy a quiet pleasure in the consciousness of her success. One tribute she received which was overwhelming. It was intimated to her by authority that His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, had read her novels with pleasure, and that she was at liberty to dedicate the next to him. More than this, the Royal Librarian, Mr. Clarke, of his own motion apparently, did her the honor to suggest that, changing her style for a higher, she should write "a historical romance in illustration of the august house of Cobourg," and dedicate it to Prince Leopold. She answered in effect that, if her life depended on it, she could not be serious for a whole chapter. Let it be said, however, for the Prince Regent, that underneath his royalty and his sybaritism, and at last entirely stifled by them, there was something of a better and higher nature. His love for Mrs. Fitzherbert was not merely sensual, and Heliogabalus would not have been amused by the novels of Miss Austen.

Jane was never the authoress but when she was writing her novels; and in the few letters with which this memoir is enriched there is nothing of point or literary effort, and very little of special interest. We find, however, some pleasant and characteristic touches.

"Charles has received £30 for his share of the privateer, and expects £10 more; but of what avail is it to take prizes if he lays out the produce in presents to his sisters? He has been buying gold chains and topaz crosses for us. He must be well scolded."

"Poor Mrs. Stent! It has been her lot to be always in the way; but we must be merciful, for perhaps in time we may come to be Mrs. Stents ourselves, unequal to anything and unwelcome to everybody."

"We (herself and Miss A.) afterwards walked together for an hour on the Cobb; she is very conversable in a common way; I do not perceive wit or genius; but she has sense and some degree of taste, and her manners are very engaging. *She seems to like people rather too easily.*"

Of her own works, or rather of the characters of her own creation, her Elizabeths and Emmas, Jane speaks literally as a parent. They are her "dear children." "I must confess that I think her (Elizabeth) as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print, and how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like *her* at least I do not know." This is said in pure playfulness; there is nothing in the letters like real egotism or impatience of censure.

At the age of forty-two, in the prime of intellectual life, with "Emma" just out and "Northanger Abbey" coming, and in the midst of domestic affection and happiness, life must have been sweet to Jane Austen. She resigned it, nevertheless, with touching tranquillity and sweetness. In 1816, it appears, she felt her inward malady, and began to go round her old haunts in a manner which seemed to indicate that she was bidding them farewell. In the next year, she was brought for medical advice to a house in the Close of Winchester, and there, surrounded to the last by affection and to the last ardently returning it, she died. Her last words were her answer to the question whether there was anything she wanted—"Nothing but death." Those who expect religious language in season and out of season have inferred from the absence of it in Jane Austen's novels that she was indifferent to religion. The testimony of her nephew is positive to the contrary, and he is a man whose word may be believed.

Those who died in the Close were buried in the cathedral. It is therefore by mere accident that Jane Austen rests among princes and princely prelates in that glorious and historic fane. But she deserves at least her "slab of black marble in the pavement" there. She possessed a real and rare gift, and she rendered a good account of it. If the censor which she held among the priests of art was not of the costliest, the incense was of the purest. If she cannot be ranked with the greatest masters of fiction, she has at least delighted many, and none can draw from her any but innocent delight.

HAGENBACH'S MODERN CHURCH HISTORY.*

DR. HAGENBACH is an exceedingly prolific writer in the field of Protestant theology. Of his numerous productions, his ecclesiastico-historical works are the most important and deservedly popular. His scholarship is comprehensive, his tone genial, his delineations—whether of character, of periods, or of systems—attractive, his diction animated and clear. He is not too profound for the great mass of the educated public, nor too shallow for the learned and reflecting reader, though the latter might here and there desire greater precision, a profounder scrutiny, and a bolder and more independent criticism. Tolerant and rather timid in judgment—

* "History of the Church in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. By K. R. Hagenbach, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Basle. Translated from the last German edition, with Additions, by Rev. John F. Hurst, D.D." 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869.

though orthodox to a degree—he almost always pleases, though he often fails to satisfy. A native of Basle, a principal seat of German Protestantism in Switzerland, and thoroughly German by education and study, he, in his histories, likes mainly to dwell on the developments and achievements of German thought, and his great familiarity with it and its productions in every field, renders his sketches of the spiritual movements of Protestantism additionally attractive as being at the same time—we should, perhaps, say in the main—pictures of German literature.

This is particularly the case with the "History of the Church in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries"—the concluding part of the author's "Lectures on the Essence and History of the Reformation"—a very small portion of which only is devoted to things and men beyond the limits of Germany and Switzerland, such as the persecution of the Camisards and the execution of Jean Calas, French and English deism and naturalism, Voltaire and Rousseau, Swedenborg and the Church of the New Jerusalem, Wesley and Methodism, Shakers and Irvingians, the abolition and restoration of the order of Jesuits, Napoleon and the Concordat—and the principal themes of which are the oscillations of the German spirit between scepticism and pietism, illuminism and orthodoxy, rationalism and supernaturalism, philosophy and faith. And the character of the history appears the less theological and the more literary as those varying oscillations are represented, not in transformed dogmas, resolves of synods, hierarchical dictates, or reformatory negations, but chiefly in the lives, theories, and action upon the Church of the literary and philosophical representatives of all shades of religious and irreligious German opinion; such as, to mention only the more prominent, Christian Wolf, Rabener, Wieland, Semler, Lessing, Basedow, Nicolai, Haller, Gellert, Lavater, Herder, Kant, Schiller, Campe, Pestalozzi, Hamann, Jacobi, Fichte, Jean Paul, Goethe, Schelling, Novalis, F. Schlegel, Werner, Schleiermacher, Steffens, Hegel, and Strauss—around whom the pure theologians, excepting only Zinzendorf, are grouped in comparative shade.

This way of writing church history must not be attributed to the author's desire to make his book or subject attractive to a larger circle of readers than generally claimed by works of this kind, but to a correct appreciation of the ages he treats of. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, in their religious development, are entirely different from the ages of Christianity that preceded them. In them the Church no longer creates new beliefs, shapes new societies, transforms empires, or struggles with fanatical heresies, as in the first periods of its existence; it no longer converts and civilizes nations, rules and judges princes, or carries on crusades, as it did in the Middle Ages; it no longer offers the spectacle of gigantic religious combats or of bloody civil wars fomented by creeds, as in the times of Huss, Luther, Knox, Coligny, Alva, Gustavus Adolphus, and Cromwell. The church, in all its branches, has become passive, or holds itself on the defensive against assailants who have themselves no centre, no chief, no banner with a positive device, but constantly harass it with desultory attacks. It lives in state and society, but rules them no longer. It has ceased to be creative and revolutionary, and has become conservative. It borrows weapons from strange camps, accepts aid from partial opponents, yields to impressions from without, and, instead of moulding, is constantly moulded. Even within its own camp, the crossier and the cross yield precedence to the pen, the pulpit is closely allied with the cathedra, and the theologian has assumed the garb of the *littérateur*. The fluctuations of the religious movements of the last two centuries are best mirrored in the history of their literature.

Dr. Hagenbach's own standpoint can, perhaps, best be characterized by stating him to be a follower of Herder and Schleiermacher, but somewhat more orthodox and conservative than either. His "Protestantism is the spirit which contends for progress and greater freedom and clearness, and courageously pursues this, its own course, in spite of all the animosity and jealousy of ignorance; but in the very midst of this progress it always looks about with great care for the safe ground once laid. It does not take pleasure in wild protestation, but greatly prefers to cultivate and develop rather than destroy; and for this reason it prudently opposes, as far as it can, all stormy and violent reform and revolution." Of this Protestantism his favorite representative in the eighteenth century is Herder, of whom he says: "Herder is strictly orthodox, in opposition to the innovators and illuminists, while he is a bold innovator in opposition to the rigidly orthodox. Vulgar rationalism makes him a mystical supernaturalist, and vulgar supernaturalism declares him to be a dangerous rationalist. . . . There will always be people to whom true Protestantism will appear too broad, and others to whom it will seem too narrow." And with reference to Schleiermacher, he remarks:

"The vibrations of history are not like the oscillations of a pendulum, which is always forced from its equilibrium, yet ever strives to regain it. Whenever a period of torpid faith arrives, and the light of science is placed under a bushel, the demand of the thinking mind is made in a manner calculated to injure faith; whenever knowledge is puffed up in vain theorizing, and unbelief ascends the throne, the power of faith again arises, assigns limits to pride, hurls even the masters of knowledge from their usurped seats, and then, at the proper time, can prescribe for fortune its appropriate limits. It is permitted to only a few to preserve this equilibrium amid such vibrations, and to restore it to their contemporaries. Only a few have the art, as Schleiermacher once said of himself, to place the foot on the side of the boat which needs a counterpoise; most people seek the centre of gravity with the majority and in the majority."

And so far is Dr. Hagenbach from going unreservedly "with the majority," the liberal thinkers of his time, that he has no hesitation to call it "a mistaken liberalism to carry toleration to such a length that confessional differences should have no influence on political rights; that every man, Catholic and Protestant, and, finally, Jew and Mohammedan, should take equal parts in the management of public affairs." He is severe—though without attempting a serious analysis of any one of them—upon all the metaphysical systems of German philosophy from Kant to Hegel—without concealing a predilection for the latter as against Schelling, the master of Schleiermacher, and for Fichte as against the Königsberg philosopher, whom he treats altogether in a decidedly unfriendly manner—and as a Protestant firmly clings to the Scriptures, and knows "Christ only in and by the Scriptures."

The translation may be said to be good in general, and here and there to do full justice to the author's manifold merits of diction; but it is not entirely free from obscurities—as even our short quotations may testify—or from inexact or false renderings. We not only find such expressions as "physico-theology," "sound understanding" (for common sense), "Sieben-burgen" and "Siebenburgers" (for Transylvania and Transylvanians), "Karnten" (for Carinthia), "Palgrave" (for Count Palatine), "Gellert's Praying Sister" (for Gellert's Devout Woman—"Betscheester"), and quite a number of other Germanisms; but also "the exode of the Salzburgers," "the hangman Von Plozk" (meaning the hangman of Plock, a town in Poland—"der Scharfrichter von Plozk"), and the well-known "Thut nichts [No matter]! der Jude wird verbrannt" of the Patriarch in Lessing's "Nathan" translated thus: "Do nothing; the Jew shall be burnt!"

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

MR. W. J. WIDDLETON deserves no little credit for his equally handsome and correct republication, in eight volumes, of Milman's "History of Latin Christianity." This edition is uniform with that published by the same house of the author's two other main works, his "History of Christianity to the Extinction of Paganism in the Roman Empire," and the "History of the Jews." In a certain sense, the three form a connected—though not complete—whole, of which the last named is the beginning, as it is the earliest of the author's histories, and also the least mature of them. The "History of Latin Christianity" is justly acknowledged to be the most valuable of the series, embracing, as it does, a period in the treatment of which the Dean's scholarship and criticism were least embarrassed by dogmatic shackles. His natural candor is, however, perceptible in all his writings, not excepting those which had for their avowed object the refutation of the errors or exaggerations of scepticism. And it is chiefly this candor which explains why his works, though breathing throughout the breath of little-questioning faith, and distinguished less by research and depth than by warmth and elegance, are still far from being consigned exclusively to the shelves of the pious. Without a claim of rivalling the scholarship of an Ewald, a Munk, or a Grätz in the Jewish field, or of a Baronius, a Mosheim, or a Neander in that of Christianity, Milman still fully deserves to occupy an honorable rank among ecclesiastical historians, and, owing to the amenities of his chaste and lucid diction, he will probably remain a favorite with the English reading public, even when English literature will have produced in the same fields more independently and profoundly critical books than his.

So far as we have read his books, we should say that Björnson first became known to the American public in his best. Certainly neither "The Fisher Maiden" nor "The Happy Boy" is equal to "Arne" in the interest which they excite, in poetical beauty, in the distinctness of their pictures of Norwegian village life, or in construction. Perhaps there is nothing better in the way of delineation of character in "Arne" than is to be found in one or two of the minor characters in the "Fisher Maiden;" but, on the whole, "Arne" stands easily at the head of such of its author's

works as have been translated into English; for, even were it deficient—as it is not—in good character drawing, there would still remain to say that Björnson's works are not in the stricter sense novels—that, at least to us foreigners, a principal charm of them is freshness as respects their sentiment, and the circumstances of the life which they depict, and their poetry—couched sometimes in idyllic prose, and now and again in verses, which, even in translation, are true lyrical poetry. "The Happy Boy" is a love story, as simple as possible in plan. The poor peasant boy, who, from childhood, has played with the daughter of the well-to-do farmer, cannot have her in marriage, because, as the tight-fisted old man thinks, he has not money enough. So Oeyvind goes to school, and makes himself a scientific farmer; and by and by the old man has to relent, and Oeyvind and Marit become man and wife. But Björnson's sympathy with youth and innocence, and perhaps his experience of the wiles of young girls, and of the torments which these cause in the male bosoms, enable him to fill up the familiar outlines with a thousand little strokes which are all significant and very pleasing. And then, too, besides this skill of the writer's, in these northern countries—where spring comes with such tenderness, and yet, when once it comes, with such sudden perfectness; where the grass, loth to appear, is to-day a streak of green on the edge of the snow, while to-morrow it may be full of blossoms—nature herself seems to furnish a fit setting and frame for pictures of the courtship of first lovers. It is thus, perhaps, that Björnson's skill in describing the natural scenery of his country stands him in such good stead in his capacity as a storyteller; for it is a country of whose year the striking event is the budding of the new life when the winter is broken up, and Björnson always has to tell of love springing in two young hearts. Messrs. Sever & Francis, Boston, have given us, with this story, a picture of the author. It gives him a face in which strength and delicacy are agreeably joined.

MR. W. C. WILKINSON'S "Dance of Modern Society" (New York: Oakley, Mason & Co.) was printed some year or two ago in one of the quarterly reviews, and now appears in book form at the solicitation of friends who concur with him in his conclusions. These are, that dancing, as practised by the public in general, is unhealthy; that it wastes money; that it is an unsocial amusement if we give to the word social its truer and better meaning; that it prevents the improvement of the dancers' minds; and, finally, that it is immoral. The dance is unhealthy, Mr. Wilkinson would say, because it has prescribed midnight hours, tight lacing, paper-soled shoes, late suppers, and the exposure of heated people to cold air. It is wasteful, because it leads to extravagantly expensive dressing. It is to be called gregarious rather than social, because it precludes conversation; and the statements that in learning and practising dancing one learns to carry the body well, and thus fits himself for social intercourse with persons of refined manners, may be dismissed as of little importance; for there are other ways of learning this accomplishment. Finally, the dance is immoral. Men and women dance together; they would not dance alone, men with men and women with women; therefore, the dance promotes unchastity of mind, and unchastity of mind may easily become the parent of bodily unchastity. Of course, it is on this last point that Mr. Wilkinson's argument mainly turns; for other amusements than dancing are costly, and yet are worth the money expended upon them. Keeping late hours, and wearing thin-soled shoes, and eating out of due time are done by people ignorant of the art. Dancing might be abolished, and the art of conversation would still be out of the reach of attainment by seven or eight men and women out of ten; and the two or three who now can talk do not often dance. All things considered, the dance may stay, then, Mr. Wilkinson would be inclined to allow, if it were not immoral—if sexual passion were not at the bottom of the amusement. This would seem to be one of those cases where all is everything, and a little may be nothing at all. But apparently Mr. Wilkinson admits of no degrees. "Passion," he says, "passion transformed, if you please, never so much, subsisting in no matter how many finely contrasted degrees of sensuality—passion, and nothing else, is the true basis of the popularity of the dance;" and so it should be done away with. We confess to seeing some force in Mr. Wilkinson's objections to waltzing. It is pure to the pure, no doubt—until it begins to contaminate the pure; and all that sort of dancing we should be glad to see banished from society. But as for banishing sex altogether, as for saying that none at all of its influences—not "passion transformed never so much," not "passion subsisting in no matter how many finely contrasted degrees of sensuality"—shall be felt by men and women—that is another matter. It is his taking this extreme ground which vitiates Mr. Wilkinson's argument. We may add that his style also would be the better for a little more restraint, though on the whole his article, as an advocate's presenta-

tion of his case to persons of his way of thinking, is, if not really good, not to be called bad.

Both Harper & Brothers and Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. have published a cheap edition of "Caleb Williams," which thus is to have a generation of readers long after it could have been reasonably expected that any one but a curious enquirer into the character of William Godwin, or into the history of fictitious literature, would again turn over its pages. One great merit it has, and one that is secondary and, so to speak, accidental—incidental, at all events. The situation of the two chief characters, or, as we may say, the only two characters, is impressive, and is clearly and fully, if not powerfully, presented. The man whose possession of another's guilty secret puts him completely in that other's power; and the man whose pride makes him momentarily a murderer and for years a tyrant, while the natural goodness of his heart makes him hate his crimes and himself and pity his victim—the relation of these two to each other is a great subject for a novel, and "Caleb Williams" no doubt has value if one would understand how English country magnates of a hundred years ago could oppress their inferiors, and what brutes they might be in the society of their equals. But in other respects the novel is such—so tedious in detail, so wanting in life and motion, written in so unnatural a style—that the wonder is not great that it has come to us only by name, and that the play based upon it is alive while itself is dead; for the play puts in more effective form what is good in the story.

Mr. E. P. Whipple's "Age of Elizabethan Literature" (Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.) is made up of critical essays on Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Raleigh, Sidney, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Webster, Chapman, Dekker, Marston, Heywood, Bacon, Hooker, and half a dozen other men of letters of that time. Much of what is said is good, though it is not stated in such a way that the student may not find it bet-

ter to study the writers with whom Mr. Whipple deals, in the commentaries of many other critics, who get closer down to the subject and seemingly are more intent than he upon allowing the subject to make its own proper impression. In Mr. Whipple's original remarks we do not find any that appear to us to make a substantial addition to what was before known.

Mr. G. L. Craik's "English of Shakespeare," as exhibited in the play of "Julius Caesar," is known to many of our readers as an excellent work, and such of them as have used the American edition of it know that Mr. W. J. Rolfe, the American editor, has increased its value by his additions and corrections. Mr. Edwin Ginn, of Boston, is the publisher. It is hardly a question for the class-room, but how is it, by the way, that neither of the editors has solved the question why "the foremost man of all this world" got from Shakespeare so inadequate treatment, while the chaotic, riotous Mark Antony seems to have engaged so much of his attention? The answer does not seem far to seek either, and would be not valueless in throwing light on the character of the poet's mind.

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